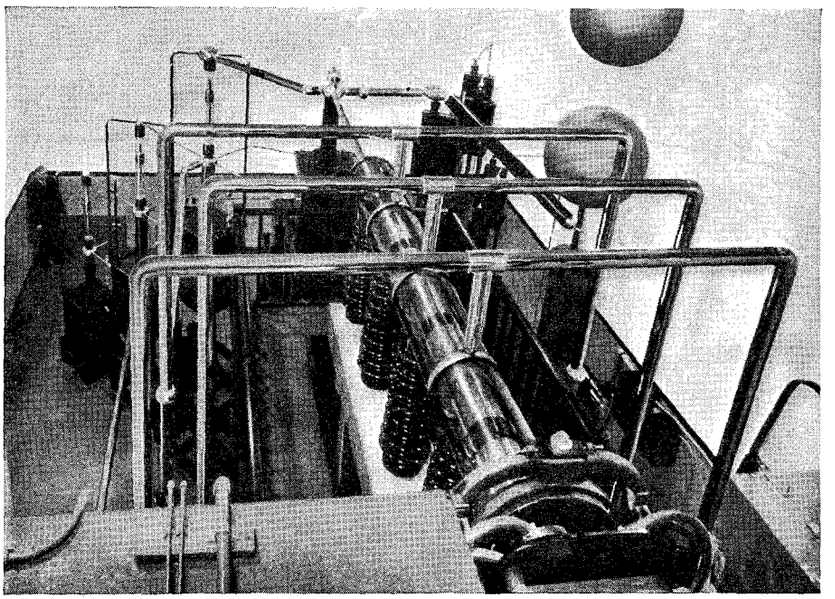

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The Literary Digest

FOR JANUARY 30, 1937

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Mail

Personality Inventory

Sir:—We wish to register most emphatically our protest against the manner in which the Bernreuter Personality Inventory was used in THE LITERARY DIGEST'S January 2 article, "Bull Market in Ballroom Stepping." There is nothing in it to indicate that the twenty-two questions you have boxed were selected from the 125 questions that make the complete test, that one question has more weight than another in determining whether a person is an introvert or an extravert.

S. M. CROONQUIST,
Stanford University Press.

Stanford, California.

From the text of "Bull Market in Ballroom Stepping": "There are 125 questions on the Bernreuter chart, but Mr. Murray (the dancing teacher) selects twenty-two key queries for ordinary testing purposes (see box)."

It is our sincere hope that none of our readers glanced at the box without reading the text of the article and, on the basis of only twenty-two questions, now goes about suffering from a distorted view of his personality.—*Editor.*

Social Diseases

Sir:—At the suggestion of Doctor Snow, I am writing you concerning your most interesting article on syphilis and gonorrhea which appeared in THE LITERARY DIGEST of January 9.

It so happened that while Doctor Snow was

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in Washington at the recent Congress on Social Hygiene I was asked to read this article for approval of your text. In the absence of Doctor Snow, I did not feel at liberty to question one statement in regard to *gonorrhea*—especially as I knew it represented the opinion of a large number of medical men. I refer to "A tremendous handicap to the treatment of gonorrhea is the lack of a reliable test to discover it."

I should like to bring to the attention of the public the Complement Fixation Test for gonorrhea. In it, we have a test that bids fair to be quite as useful as the Wassermann test is for syphilis. In fact, among those who have used it under laboratory conditions, it is so rated now. The trouble has been only that gonorrhea has not attracted the money syphilis has, and the test has not been "put on the map."

[DR.] EMILY DUNNING BARRINGER.
New York City.

In Memoriam

Sir:—After studying recent numbers of THE LITERARY DIGEST, I discovered, I believe, that the magazine has changed hands. I would suggest that the magazine you are now issuing is sailing under false colors: you are using a name which was built upon quality, but which quality no longer is there.

I am wondering what destroyed that which I once valued and hoped yet existed—the old-fashioned, reliable LITERARY DIGEST, founded many years ago by a good, wholesome, honest Ohioan who grew up down here at my neighboring village, Lithopolis. I have the profoundest regard for him and often visit the beautiful memorial to him in that village.

Good heavens! Would any one ever build a memorial to the present management of THE LITERARY DIGEST?

Columbus, Ohio. O. C. WEATHERBY.

Sir:—Allow me to congratulate you upon the excellent material in your magazine. I am convinced that THE LITERARY DIGEST is the most interesting and timely collection of current news extant.

Also my classmates at State Teachers' College thoroughly enjoy each issue and eagerly await the next.

With us, your magazine is "tops."

Montgomery, Alabama. ELIZABETH PARKER.

Sir:—After the rest of the family gets through with THE LITERARY DIGEST, I get busy on it myself—using many of your stories in my current events class in high school.

Your present staff certainly is whipping together a swell magazine!

Eagle Rock, California. RUTH ORKIN.

Sir:—Your article, "Teacher-Giver: Hoosier Schoolmaster's Gift to Stanford," in the January 9 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST was a fine tribute to the teaching profession and to the philanthropic schoolmaster who has given so much to education in our country.

It was well timed, coming before the public in the thick of the Wisconsin University presidential situation . . . another instance where your magazine shows its worth.

Montevallo, Missouri. HERBERT COOPER.

Preferable even to the Lithopolis memorial to our esteemed cofounder, Adam Willis Wagnalls, is the "tops" of Miss Parker, the "swell magazine" of Miss Orkin, and the "well-timed" compliments of Mr. Cooper.—*Editor.*

Correction

Sir:—The article, "'Heirs' Still Claiming Philadelphia," in the December 26 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST, refers to me as an "occasional preacher," and "while never ordained, has been preaching for several years."

I am ordained as high as any man can be ordained in the Church of the Brethren. I have been preaching regularly for nearly thirty years now. I have been preaching at one place for about ten years. I have preached in eight States in the United States. I have also held a number of evangelistic meetings. This is reflecting on my religious standing and my church relationship. I will not stand for this. I emphatically deny and protest against such false statements and misrepresentations. . . .

My work in this matter has always been in good faith, with best of intentions and the most sincere belief that there is such an estate. I have never taken one dollar, contributed by any heirs, for my personal use and benefit. I request and insist that you apologize and correct these false statements in your next issue.

[THE REV.] NORMAN H. BLOUGH.
Davidsville, Pennsylvania.

Our apologies to the Rev. Mr. Blough for any reflections on his religious standing and his church relationship.—*Editor.*

Neutrality

Sir:—In his letter on the feasibility of preventing Americans shipping goods to Spain, C. A. Schweitzer, in his letter of January 16, neglected important considerations:

Aid to Spain has gone to the legally constituted Government, while England, in Mr.

(Continued on page 39)

How Does a Ship Captain Plot His Course with the Sextant?

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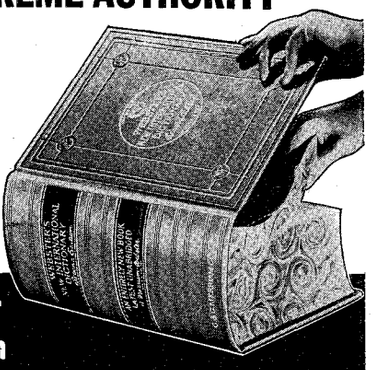

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK JANUARY 30, 1937

Topics of the day

STATES VIE FOR DIVORCE CLIENTELE

Georgia Latest to Plan Short Residence Requirement

Once upon a time, divorce was considered an unpleasant matter between husbands and wives and the law.

To-day, in a world pierced by changing, conflicting social standards, divorce has become community business in many places. It is the affair of the grocer, baker, butcher, department store owner and real estate operator, for, upon the number of disgruntled husbands and wives seeking decrees depends their bank balances, often the bulk of their business.

When mining lagged in Nevada, apple crops failed in Arkansas, potato sales slackened in Idaho—easier divorce legislation was introduced in these States as bait for impatient, affluent divorce seekers. Wyoming, apparently for no other reason than general hopefulness, also made a bid for the marriage smash-up trade.

Last week, in Atlanta, Georgia, Representative William K. Barrett introduced a bill for liberalized divorce.

New Code—In addition to making residence requirements shorter, he stated he would seek a constitutional amendment whereby the Georgia law requiring two verdicts, at separate court terms, before a divorce can be made final, would be abolished.

This was the opening 1937 blast at domestic relations in the State Legislatures. From other States came early indications that marriage, divorce, alimony and other contentious issues would as usual find their places for discussion.

New Mexico and Arizona legislators invariably introduce bills for easier divorce, are not taken seriously.

On the Atlantic seaboard, 1935 was the time of a great drive to keep the divorce trade east of the Mississippi. Delaware proposed a thirty-day residence requirement; it was defeated. President Roosevelt signed a bill greatly liberalizing divorce laws in the District of Columbia.

Then Florida legislators, with both eyes on tourist business, pushed through a bill making a residence of only ninety days necessary for filing suit for divorce.

In 1934, no fewer than 4,842 divorces were granted in Florida; in 1935, with the bill for brief residence not passed until early summer, the number jumped to 5,167; in 1936, with complete figures not yet available, decrees already exceeded 6,000.

Envy—Neighboring Georgia lawmakers read such figures with envy. With exclusive hotels for seasonal tourists in Augusta, Thomasville, Savannah and Sea Island, why shouldn't divorce be made a *raison d'être* for gathering in a few dollars?

Georgia requires that divorce applicants reside in the State for one year. Eight grounds are allowed: Intermarriage by persons within prohibited degrees of relationship, including cousins, uncles; impotence at time of marriage; force, menace, fraud or duress in obtaining marriage; pregnancy of wife at time of marriage unknown to husband; adultery by either party after marriage; wilful and continued desertion for three years or more; conviction of either party of an offense involving moral turpitude for which a penitentiary sentence of two or more years is given.

Twenty-five-year-old Rep. Barrett wants the residence requirements reduced from one year to thirty days. This would give Georgia an edge on the nation, as Nevada still insists upon six weeks' residence; Arkansas, sixty days before filing, ninety days before receiving the decree; Wyoming, sixty days; Florida and Idaho, ninety days.

Under present divorce statutes, Barrett's home town of Augusta has nearly three divorces for every marriage. Lawyers attribute this to the location of the city (population 60,342) on the Savannah River, border of Georgia and South Carolina. South Carolina allows no divorce on any grounds. Natives, therefore, cross the river, besiege Augusta justices for decrees. In 1936, the score-card of the city read: Marriages, 157; divorces, 504.

Skeptics in the State doubt if the Barrett bill will get serious consideration, but the nattily dressed Representative, upon entraining with the Georgia delegation for the Inaugural ceremonies at Washington, was confident that he had sufficient backing.

Rivals—From Florida, the Miami *Herald* editorialized in a rather laconic vein: "Georgia will need more than law to become a rival of Reno in the divorce business. Florida found that out after the Legislature passed a bill two years ago to make residence for ninety days instead of a year a prerequisite to filing divorce papers. There are a great many people who have grounds for divorce and who come to Florida in the winter to qualify. But Reno remains as the Capital of divorcement, and no city in Florida has yet been able to rival the Nevada community in that specialty. . . .

"It will be just as necessary, to accomplish the desired end, for Georgia to show people why the State as a rule is not too hot in the summer and much too cold in winter for any one to live there only for the sake of a divorce. Florida seems to have the edge on the Southern separation business."

Analogy—To understand the undisputed position of Reno as America's leading divorce mill, an analogy might be drawn to the making of motion-pictures. Cinema experts have tried New York, Florida, other locations. But none was found as suitable as Hollywood. Why?

Because in thirty-one years, Hollywood has become entrenched, spent millions to retain its leadership. Likewise, for thirty years, Reno jurists, attorneys and city officials have granted interviews, written magazine and newspaper articles showing the great benefits of Nevada divorce laws.

From the moment of arrival in Reno, the station porter, the newsboy, hotel clerk, policemen can tell visitors about divorce. The town is conscious of its principal source of income. Once Sen. Duane Bush proposed the introduction into Nevada of mail-order divorces. His idea was to permit a dissatisfied husband or wife to write to a Reno judge, give evidence by deposition, receive a decree by return mail for a stipulated fee.

"I see no reason for doing the thing halfway," Senator Bush declared. "Six weeks is too long for divorce-seekers to wait. My bill will save the parties the inconveniences of coming to Nevada."

Protests—Immediately legislators were inundated with protests from tradespeople, real-estate operators, lawyers.

Reno offers a wide variety of attractions for divorce-seekers; gambling, according to

Domestic Relations

In the first week's activities in the divers State Legislatures the following Domestic Relations bills were introduced:

Connecticut: A bill prohibiting alienation of affections and breach of promise suits.

Arizona: A bill reducing divorce residence requirements to ninety days.

New Mexico: A general bill for easier divorce.

Illinois: Drafting of a bill to amend separate maintenance laws to limit of two years.

Maryland: (1) Bill introduced making civil marriages legal. (2) Bill being prepared reducing desertion from three years to one as divorce ground.

Massachusetts: A petition that imprisonment for five years or more in a Federal penal institution be made a cause for divorce.

New York: (1) A bill stating that subsequent religious ceremonies must be mentioned in the application for marriage licenses. (2) A bill whereby three days must elapse between application for marriage license and solemnizing. (3) A bill granting annulment of a marriage for three years or more of insanity of either husband or wife, if incurable, instead of the present five years.

Kansas: An amendment. When a divorce is granted the court shall make provision for the guardianship, custody, support and education of the minor children of the marriage and may modify or change any order in this respect whenever circumstances render such change proper.

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standards elsewhere, is wide open, night-clubs flourish, personable drifters lounge around public places, facilitating small talk for the six-week period.

The required residence in Nevada was once three months. Then other States threatened more lenient laws. So Nevada sliced the residence for divorce to six weeks. Tradespeople grumbled at having their income cut in half, but found that twice as many persons came with the new law. Now the divorce business is estimated to be worth between $3,000,000 and $4,000,000 annually to the town.

The Nevada Bar Association has set a minimum price for divorces at $250. As usual, there are said to be some "cut-rate" specialists at $150. The six-week residence raises the cost to a minimum of $500, altho few wealthy people depart without having left at least $5,000.

But there is no limit on the spending in Reno. If, as in the case of the Countess Kurt von Haugwitz-Reventlow (née Barbara Hutton), the six weeks are to be spent in the greatest of luxury, $50,000 is no great sum.

Two judges in Reno plow through the cases from morn till night; several hundred lawyers, with representatives all over the world, make handsome incomes.

Valid?—Are Reno divorces valid? people often ask.

In many States, when disputed, they are considered void. They are regarded as a fraud on the laws of the States in which the parties really reside. In the general procedure of collusion, when both parties agree to a divorce, however, there is no objection, as the cases are never brought to the courts of other States.

Odd result of the divorce business in Reno is that it has spurred marriage, particularly remarriage of divorced participants. In 1935 there were 6,054 marriages to 3,088 divorces.

Another State eager for easier divorce has been Indiana. In 1935 it reduced the residence requirements from two years to one. But a bill to reduce the time limit to thirty days was defeated.

Curious fact of the return of divorce interest in the Atlantic seaboard States is that the American divorce mill originated here. Maine was once the seat of a gigantic business in transient decrees. Then Rhode Island entered the field. In the latter State, authorities became alarmed by the number of transient divorce-seekers, their falsified residence statements.

After an intensive investigation, a number of Rhode Island lawyers were disbarred, and the practise of granting decrees to summer visitors was discontinued.

Territories—Alaska legislators once considered modifying divorce laws. Only last month a movement was afoot in Hawaii to make Honolulu a site of easy divorce.

Leading attorneys in Havana, encouraged by merchants and tourist bureaus, have been fighting for several years to pass a law whereby divorces could be granted to foreigners within six weeks, including thirty days of residence. Some extremists argued for a one-day residence clause, so that tourists might get decrees during stop-overs of cruise ships. Chief concern at the moment, however, is to maintain the serious nature of existing laws so it will be assured that a Cuban divorce will stand a test in any United States Court.

Most likely foreign soil for American divorces, according to lawyers, is the Virgin Islands. A six months' residence is required; the case is heard in a District Court before an American Federal Judge.

As no cases have yet been disputed, it has not yet been determined which State Courts in this country would have the power to reverse a Federal Judge.

NEW DITCH: No Boondoggle, Assert Friends of Proposed Nicaragua Canal

A fantom from the halcyon days of Spain's *Conquistadores* haunts the marble halls of Congress this week. Plans for scooping out the oft-mooted canal across Nicaragua and Costa Rica to link Pacific with Atlantic are being drafted.

To this bill's sponsor, Rep. Carl Vinson, Georgia Democrat and House Naval Affairs Committee Chairman, that waterway would be no billion-dollar boondoggle, but a second string to *Uncle Sam's* stout bow of national defense. Sen. David I. Walsh, Massachusetts Democrat and Senate Naval Affairs Committee Chairman, is pressing for swift consideration of his identic measure.

Both stress the argument of the admirals that two canals would be almost as valuable as two battle-fleets—"if anything happened." Current "happening": A fortnight ago, 60,000 cubic yards of earth and rock slithered down the Canal Zone's Gold Hill into Culebra Cut, solar plexus of America's aorta of empire. Tho transisthmian traffic wasn't affected, the earth-slide emphasized what an earthquake might do.

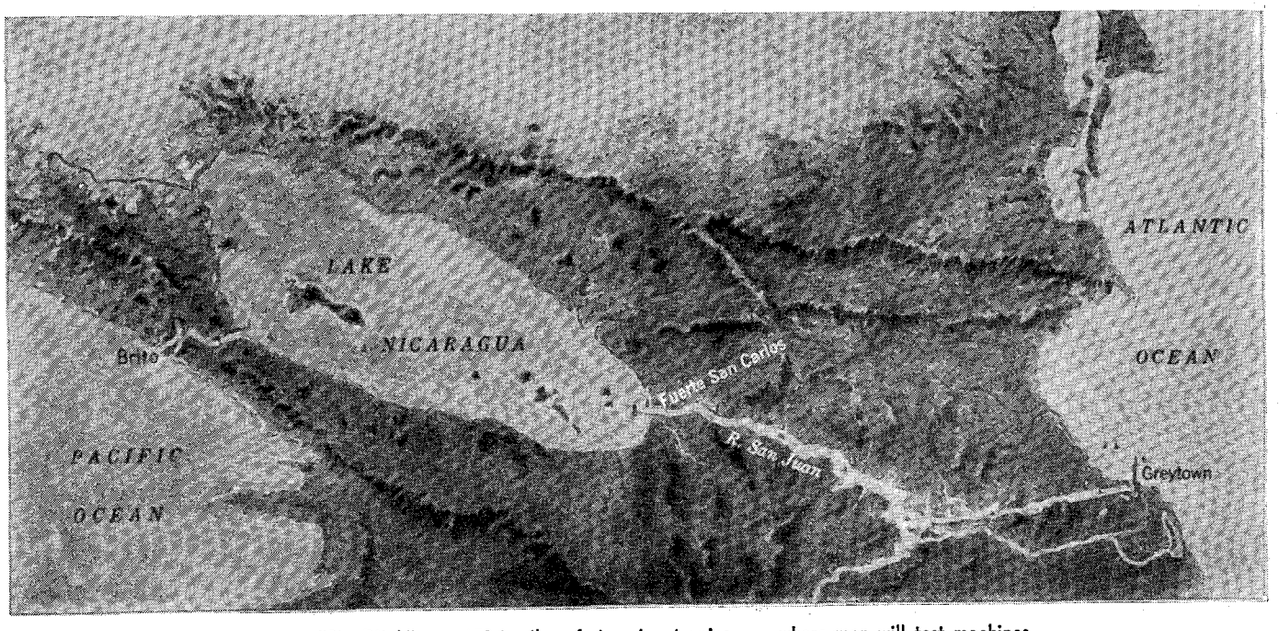
Possibility — Worse nightmare: Half-a-dozen well-placed aerial torpedos or 3,000-pound demolition bombs might wreak more havoc in the Culebra danger-spot than an earthquake, force the United States Fleet, based in the Pacific, to steam 13,000 miles around blustery Cape Horn in sixty-five days if called to protect the East.

There are commercial arguments, too, for a second canal: San Francisco-New York ships could save two days, for the Nicaraguan route is nearer the United States. Protagonists say a second waterway would foster friendly relations with Latin America and promote Central and South American trade.

Old Problem—For a century, the problem of a ship-canal through Nicaragua has occupied Congress with varying intensity. In 1826, Secretary of State Henry Clay ordered a Commission to investigate isthmian canal possibilities, received a favorable report on Nicaragua as the best spot.

In 1876, a Commission reported that the Nicaraguan project "had greater advantages and fewer difficulties" than any other link between the two oceans. In another decade, the private Nicaraguan Canal Association was awarded construction and operation rights.

The Association worked away for two years, spent $4,000,000. Then Philippe Bunau-Varilla, a soldier of fortune at the moment in the employ of the French Panama Canal Company, had a bright idea. One morning Congressmen found on their desks neat little Nicaraguan stamps bearing the likeness of one very fine, active Nicaraguan volcano. The crater hadn't



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been active for generations, but the stamps did the job. Congress refused to vote more cash.

"Big Ditch"—After 1904, when the United States acquired the rights of the French Panama Canal Company, Nicaragua dropped out of the head-lines for a decade while Army engineers dug the "big ditch" from Colon to Cristobal.

But heavy Panama traffic, landslides and fears that earthquakes were as remotely possible in Panama as in volcanic Nicaragua again brought up needs for auxiliary waterways. In 1916, the United States won treaty rights to a naval base on Corn Island, in Nicaragua's Gulf of Fonseca, and a canal option for $3,000,000.

Ten years later, this Bryan-Chamarro Treaty was ratified. The Seventieth Congress authorized the Army's Corps of Engineers to survey possible Nicaraguan routes. Led by Lieut. Col. Dan I. Sultan, 200 topographers of the Twenty-ninth Engineer Battalion toiled through the bottomless swamps of the San Juan River valley and Deseado basin with transits and chains. Two years later they came out of the gray-green hell of swamp and jungle with their final report.

Plans—This advocated a canal 172.8 miles long, seventy miles of which would be across Lake Nicaragua, costing $722,000,000, taking ten years for completion. With Nicaragua bound by perpetual treaty, only Costa Rica's consent would be needed, for part of the route would be the boundary between the two Republics. Even violent earth-tremors along the proposed route wouldn't affect the Nicaraguan canal, said the report, because its path would be through more nearly level country than the Panama Canal. Six twin locks would be needed.

At its western end, Lake Nicaragua is separated from the Pacific by a neck hardly twelve miles wide and without high hills. Here it is proposed to dig the Pacific sector of the canal (see map). Lake Nicaragua, 100 miles long and forty-five miles wide, is from twelve to eighty-three feet deep. Its three largest islands, Ometepe, Zapadero and Solentiname, simply are mountains, rising from the water. The first-named of these is crowned by two more or less active volcanic cones.

Obstacles—From the Lake's southeastern end, 110 feet above sea-level, the waters are discharged through the San Juan River, 108 miles long and studded with transverse rocks around which rapids swirl, into the Caribbean Sea. Its many-fingered estuary is low, monotonous and chock-full of mosquito-breeding bogs. Yellow Jack, scourge of the Panama builders, comes on wings from the steaming heat of neighboring jungles, but the Army knows how to beat the tropical fevers now.

Tropical medicine has learned much in the thirty years since toilers dropped by droves in Panama. Sewage systems and sanitation make Panama one of the healthiest parts of a fever-ridden coast. Army doctors would use the same methods to keep fever at a minimum in Nicaragua. To those who are stricken, modern refrigeration would be a blessing in hospital or camp. There would be supplies of ice and life-saving cold water, with spick-and-span air-conditioned quarters for supervisors and laborers.

Conditions—Indeed, man has learned a lot since the "big ditch" went through. Panama workers first had to build a railroad, 50.78 miles from sea to sea. Their operations were limited to this base. Steam-shovels inched along on heavy steel rails. Behind them were flat-cars to tote away the earth. Then great dredges came along, dumping mud into gondolas. Every landslide (and there were many) meant a new spur-track to get new angles of attack against cantankerous nature.

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Ex-Judge Ritter appeals guilty verdict on "high crimes and misdemeanors" charge

In Nicaragua, the railroad also would be set down before digging began, but, alongside, would run a broad concrete highway for ten-ton trucks. Landslides are not a problem, for Nicaragua's canal would go through a broad lowland. Machinery would move under its own power, smaller shovels on their caterpillar-treads, larger ones towed by great Diesel-driven tractors.

Modern—When Panama was finished, Army engineers set up an electrical plant to operate lights, locks and the Canal's towing-system. Before a stone is turned in Nicaragua, the electric plant would be in place to drive Diesel-electric or turbo-electric machinery.

Of course, machinery costs more than it did thirty years ago, but efficiency compensates for that. At Panama, the largest steam-shovel bit out a four-cubic-yard chunk of earth, wheezed in a semi-circle and dumped into a flat-car. Modern shovels chew out a chunk of fifteen to thirty cubic yards, swing either way and connect with conveyer-belts which keep trucks busy.

Shovels range from the little one-man affair that looks as if it could search out a marble to mammoths as big as a duplex house. The old Panama type cost $25,000, the modern mastodon $375,000, yet operating rates of the new type are 60 per cent. less and efficiency 25 per cent. more than its predecessor.

Other post-War developments would come into play, too. For example, airplanes would transport engineers from one project to another and give the chief engineer a comprehensive grasp of progress. Telephones, still in the coffee-grinder stage at Panama, would link every sector and connect larger pieces of machinery. Radio and public-address loud-speakers would make for faster and more explicit orders.

Locks—As for the locks, there hasn't been much change, but stainless steel would aid underwater work and improvements in steel and alloys make for easier operation of machinery and allay dangers of exposure to blistering tropical heat and slimy waters. Dynamite still is dynamite, but experiments with high explosives have created new compounds for blasting, handled more safely and easily and accomplishing work more efficiently.

To the Army's Chief of Engineers, Maj. Gen. Edward M. Markham, would go the job of building such a canal.

Not at all the type expected in an engineer's high-command post, General Markham is fifty-nine, short, chubby, jolly, with a warm, friendly personality. Tho hard-boiled about his job, he's no martinet. Considered one of the most capable engineers ever to sit in the Chief's chair, he is popular with all hands.

If Congress wants a ditch across Nicaragua, he'll dig it.

ARTICLE SEVEN: Judge Ritter Asks Supreme Court to Quash Senate Impeachment

"The Senate having tried Halsted L. Ritter . . . upon several articles of impeachment, . . . and two-thirds of the Senators present having found him guilty of charges contained therein: it is therefore ordered and adjudged that the said Halsted L. Ritter be, and he is hereby removed from office."

Thus last April was a United States Judge for the Southern District of Florida stripped of his judicial robes. He achieved the shady distinction of being the fourth Federal Judge in the 148 years' history of Congress to be impeached by the House of Representatives, tried by the Senate, and hauled from the bench.

Last week sixty-eight-year-old Halsted Lockwood Ritter struck off a brand-new page of American judicial history when he appealed to the Supreme Court for a review of his complicated case. Any of the three other dismissed judges* in United States history might have appealed similarly, but none had a case for reinstatement as strong as his; none made the attempt.

History—In 1925, Halsted Ritter moved from Denver, Colorado, to West Palm Beach, Florida, so his wife could regain her health. It meant giving up a well established law practise, which he had been building for thirty years, and starting from scratch again.

He went into partnership with another lawyer named Albert L. Rankin and put in four years of hard work. In 1929, he was surprized and delighted to receive from President Coolidge an appointment to the Federal bench.

It was not destined, however, that Judge Ritter's once-interrupted career should now pursue an even tenor. In the House of Representatives one day, Democrat James Mark Wilcox, another citizen of West Palm Beach, introduced a resolution calling for an investigation of Republican

*John Pickering of New Hampshire, removed in 1804; West H. Humphreys of Tennessee, 1862; Robert W. Archbald of Pennsylvania, 1913.

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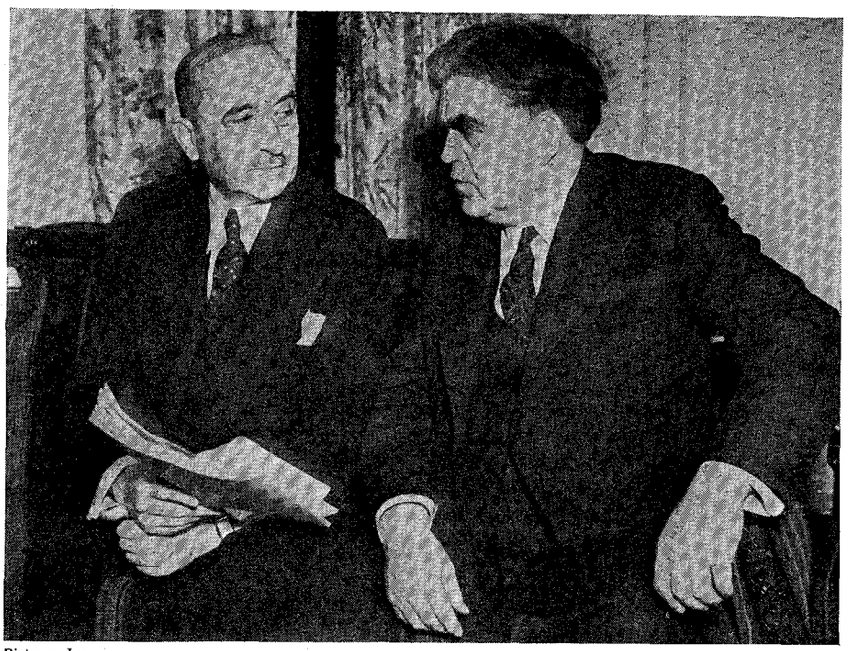

Pictures, Inc.

Edward F. McGrady and John L. Lewis confer on labor's "fight to the finish"

Halsted Ritter. A subcommittee made the investigation and voted against instituting impeachment. The full Judiciary Committee voted likewise, then suddenly reversed its decision and voted for arraignment. Last March, after almost five hours of bitter debate, the House of Representatives got around to impeaching the Judge, then shipped him over to the Senate side of the Capitol to be tried.

Trial—Before the Senate, sitting as a jury, three Representatives spent a week laying down their case of "high crimes and misdemeanors" against the white-haired defendant. The main charge was that Ritter had conspired with a group of friends to throw the Whitehall, a West Palm Beach hotel, into bankruptcy, and then had appointed his old law partner, Rankin, receiver of the hotel at a fee of $75,000. In return for tossing this melon into his friend's lap, said Congressmen, he received a cut of $4,500.

Other charges: Ritter was privileged with free meals and lodging from the bankrupt hotel, he received fees for legal services rendered after he had been appointed to the bench, he chiseled on his income tax returns in 1929 and 1930.

The biggest stumbling block for the defense was the cash transaction involving the $4,500. Rankin, the Judge and other witnesses swore that it was payment of an honest debt contracted in the days of the law partnership, but they could give the Senators no reason for exchanging the money without benefit of witnesses or receipt. The $75,000 fee, said the defense, could not be considered "exorbitant," because lawyers for both sides had agreed to it. As for the charge of practising law while sitting on the bench, it was true that he had received money after his appointment by President Coolidge, but that, he insisted, was for services rendered before the appointment.

Jury Debates—At last, the Senator-jurors went into secret session to discuss the charges. One declared that the three House lawyers had by no means proved that Halsted Ritter was guilty of "treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors" as specified in the Constitution. Another shot back that the Constitution also demanded "good behavior" of Supreme and lower Court Judges. and was it not possible that the defendant was guilty of misbehavior, and should therefore be removed?

After two days of such debate, the Senate-gallery doors were flung back. A crowd shuffled in to hear eighty-four jurors make their decision. There were seven articles of impeachment which had to be voted on separately. The first six involved the bankruptcy fees, income tax evasions, *etc.*

By a vote of fifty-five to twenty-nine, one vote short of the two-thirds required for conviction, the defendant was exonerated of the first charge—trickery in establishing the Whitehall receivership fee. By increasingly safer margins, he sailed through the next five articles.

Convicted—Then came Article Seven. It summarized the six previous ones and added: "That the said Halsted L. Ritter . . . while acting as a United States District Judge for the Southern District of Florida . . . was and is guilty of misbehavior and of high crime and misdemeanors." The Judge's actions while on the bench had been such as "to bring his Court into scandal and disrepute."

On the final tally, by a vote of fifty-six to twenty-eight, the defendant was asked to turn in his black robe and retire to private life.

But tho Halsted Ritter left the Senate chamber with his head hung low and wearily told reporters that he was going back to Florida, he was not yet through. Six weeks after his trial, he appealed to the Court of Claims of the United States for payment of his full April salary of $833.33, on the ground that he had been unconstitutionally removed from office.

"The facts alleged in the Seventh Article of Impeachment do not constitute a charge of treason, bribery, or other high crime or misdemeanor within the meaning of the Constitution," said the petition.

His claim was denied. He promptly made preparations to carry his case to the highest court in the land.

"This is not a case of seeking personal vindication," he announced, "but for settling a very serious constitutional issue which has never before been raised in the history of the country. . . . The Senate found that I was guilty of bringing the Court into disrepute because of certain acts, but it found that I did not commit those acts. . . . This precedent, if permitted to stand, will make it simple for Congress to impeach a Federal Judge on any charge, real or imaginary, and then remove him without proving that charge. This makes every Federal Judge subject to the will and whim of the political majority in the Senate."

LABOR'S FIGHT: Lewis Calls for Roosevelt's Support in General Motors Strike; President Parries

"I think that, in the interests of peace, there come moments when statements, conversations and head-lines are not in order."

To assembled White House reporters in the oval study last week, President Roosevelt broke his press conference rule barring direct quotation of his remarks.

Doubtful of an answer, newsmen had requested comment on developments in the General Motors strike deadlock. The President's cryptic reply, delivered in a firm tone, popped over his desk like a well-fired bombshell.

He then added, as if to stress his "hands off" policy, that the remark covered questions as to how he felt about John L. Lewis's claim on Administration support or whether he planned to intervene in the automobile controversy.

Wonder—Puzzled by this statement, press representatives wondered:

Were the President's words merely a direct rebuke to his friend, John L. Lewis, or did they also express annoyance with General Motors? Or was this the long awaited assurance to Big Business that labor would not "run" the second Roosevelt Administration?

From the corner of the American Federation of Labor there was complete silence, tho many believed that the President's words heartened William Green and his associates.

Also non-committal were members of the National Labor Relations Board, created under the Wagner Labor Relations Act, supposedly to handle such situations. The Administration's ace labor conciliator, Edward Francis McGrady, was also silent.

Demand—At his own press conference, Lewis said he had advised Mr. Roosevelt through Miss Perkins that he expected the Administration to lend its aid now to labor.

". . . for six months, the economic royalists, represented by General Motors, contributed their money and used their energy to drive the Administration out of power.

"The Administration asked labor for help to repel this attack, and labor gave its help. The same economic royalists now have their fangs in labor. The workers of this country expect the Administration to help the workers in every legal way."

The Inaugural Address hardly digested,

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Washington, then the nation, gasped at the audacity of Lewis's demand.

"I can not undertake to interpret the President's words," grimly declared Lewis, attempting next day to wiggle out of the tough spot he had created for himself. "Of course, I do not believe the President intended to rebuke the working people of America, who are his friends and who are only attempting to obtain rights guaranteed to them by Congress in a declaration of public policy in the National Labor Relations Act."

Fight—He then ordered "a fight to the finish" on the Michigan labor front, telegraphed the Flint sit-down strikers that the C.I.O. and its fifteen affiliated unions were behind them, pledged "complete and unanimous support."

Hinting that the Ford and Chrysler Motor companies and the steel industry were next in the drive for collective bargaining, Lewis declared: "We haven't bitten off more than we can chew in tackling General Motors and the united industrial front. We are big enough to take them. I say this advisedly."

Observers saw in Lewis's words that the C.I.O. was out to collect payment for the campaign contributions. Originally stated to have been $458,418.91, insiders now believe that $1,100,000 is nearer the sum dumped into Democratic coffers by labor.

Another $500,000 is said to have been collected by Lewis to organize steel, a similar sum to fight the automotive industry battle. This money, according to usually well informed sources, was raised through involuntary assessments on members of the United Mine Workers, which Lewis personally controls. Altho Washington commentators declined to be definite, they hinted much of these contributions came from workers on relief.

Address—Lewis's appeal to the Administration to fulfil campaign pledges to labor was further interpreted as drawing attention to Candidate Roosevelt's address to 16,000 persons in the Detroit Stadium on October 15. At that time, he said:

"I have suggested that the automobile industry and every other industry still need great improvements in their relationships to their employees. . . . I stressed the need of spreading the work more evenly through the year and of working toward raising the yearly pay envelop of Detroit and other automobile cities from $600 to $700 a year to over $1,000 a year.

"It is my belief that the manufacturers of automobiles and the manufacturers of many other necessary commodities must, by planning, do far more than they have done to date to increase the yearly earnings of those who work for them."

Thus, some observers feel, the President gave his blessing to Lewis's program for the automobile industry. To-day, the issue is whether Lewis speaks for a clear majority of automotive workers. He claims a majority of General Motors employees as members of the United Automobile Workers, the C.I.O. group. General Motors insists that 79 per cent. of its employees have petitioned for reopening of its thirty-seven plants with 133,486 workers idle in thirty-six cities. Particularly strong among non-strikers were men over forty years of age, said G.M.

Losses—In Washington, Lewis said the strike was costing General Motors well in excess of $1,000,000 a day. (Observers believe it has already caused a loss of more than $50,000,000.) General Motors maintained employees were losing $1,000,000 in wages daily.

Returning to Detroit, G.M. Vice-President William Knudsen said he hoped to reopen some plants.

He claimed 108,000 General Motors employees still were working. Strikers he estimated at 31,000 in seventeen plants. More than 95,000 others were idle because of the strikes. These he hoped to have back at work, even if only on the two-day week basis. Toward this end the company would use its $60,000,000 revolving fund, Knudsen said.

Meantime, stoppage of General Motors pay-checks has thrown many persons in other trades out of work, raised relief rolls in stricken centers. In Genesee County, Michigan, relief costs have tripled from an average of $2,000 a day in recent months to the present figure of $6,000 daily. The county administration is already $13,000 in the red.

Sit-Downers—Next move of the company will be legal attempts to evict sit-down strikers. Officials contend the strike's principal issue is now "between property rights and no property rights."

Back from Washington, Gov. Frank Murphy, still hopeful, held 2,300 National Guardsmen at Flint. In case of emergency, the number could be raised to 4,000.

Acting under power granted by Congress in 1913, Secretary Perkins on Sunday invoked the powers of her high office to order representatives of General Motors, C.I.O. and the United Automobile Workers to attend, "without condition or prejudice," a conference in her Washington office at 11 A. M. on January 27.

Her letter emphasized that the meeting was not to settle the strike, but to find "plans and methods" of resuming negotiations, agreed upon but abandoned at Lansing last week.

The nation's press was quick to comment on the President's reply to Lewis:

Detroit Free Press: "The words of the head of the C.I.O. have a grave significance; and they invite attention to a statement by the Senate Committee Investigating Campaign Expenditures that it is thinking of recommending a law to stop all political contributions by labor unions."

Washington Post: "Such a crude appeal, properly ignored by the President, must be regarded as reflecting a mind either indifferent to or ignorant of the basic principles of democratic Government."

Hartford Courant: "To the extent that the President himself, by ill-measured words, is responsible for the attitude taken by Lewis and his C.I.O., he has an obligation to undo the mischief as speedily as possible."

New York Times: "The organized labor movement in this country is only a small fraction of the total number of workers gainfully employed. It could not possibly have furnished more than a relatively small fraction of the twenty-seven million votes that Mr. Roosevelt received on November 3."

BIRTHDAY: Nation Dances on President's Anniversary to Aid Paralysis Cure

This week-end, America dances to stamp out disease. New Yorkers pack the Waldorf-Astoria's Grand Ballroom, Jade Room, Astor Gallery and Basildon Room. Main Streeters gallivant into lodge-halls. Hamlets are opening little red schoolhouses to merrymakers. Millions frolic that thousands may be healed.

January 30, 1937, President Roosevelt's fifty-fifth birthday, means hope to America's 300,000 infantile paralysis victims. Vision of Henry L. Doherty, financier, the Birthday Ball for the President was started in 1934, has been held annually since. Each time it cleared more than $1,000,000 for the Georgia Warm Springs Foundation for Infantile Paralysis.

Uses—From Bermuda to Hawaii, Alaska to the Virgin Islands, 6,000 communities are participating. Each retains 70 per

Acme

Blue Book high lights invade the Waldorf kitchen for Presidential birthday cake instruction

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cent. of the profits to alleviate suffering of local poliomyelitis victims. The other 30 per cent. is sent to the President, to be allotted as he wishes.

Some of this goes to Warm Springs. Medical research at such universities as Harvard, Pennsylvania, Columbia, Michigan, Chicago, Johns Hopkins and Stanford carries on with Birthday Ball grants.

Dancing away the devils of disease is a rite as old as witch-doctoring. Applied to poliomyelitis, it merely is a new twist to an ailment as old as time. Egyptian mummies, known paralysis victims, have been taken from musty tombs thousands of years old. Paralytic plagues harassed Europe in the middle ages.

Stricken with a rolling epidemic in 1916, America grappled with infantile paralysis in forty-eight States where germs smote 25,000 known victims. Since this first fight, the battle has been up-hill and unremitting.

Patient—In the van of humanity's warriors is President Roosevelt. Summering at his home on Campobello Island, in the Bay of Fundy, Franklin D. Roosevelt contracted the malady in 1921.

"He met it with astounding courage," said his friend and secretary, the late Louis McHenry Howe. "I have seen him lying in bed, concentrating his will to such an extent that perspiration literally rolled down his face in an effort to move a single little toe."

Tremendous will-power evoked slow recovery. Convalescent, he exercised tirelessly, hobbling to his desk on crutches. In 1924, a friend persuaded him to try the healing waters of the Warm Springs spa.

Georgia swimming-baths helped. A year later, he was sure he was recovering power in his limbs. Anxious to spread the benefits of the spa to others, Mr. Roosevelt experimented with twenty-three patients all the following year. By 1927, the Georgia Warm Springs Foundation was established to make the watering-place a Mekka for paralysis convalescents.

Response—A poliomyelitis-conscious nation whole-heartedly backed the 1934 Birthday Ball. Newspapers threw open columns to support the venture. Bankers, industrialists, educators, churchmen and sportsmen everywhere joined to make the Ball successful. Nationally-known names studded the foot-long roster of committeemen.

This week, débutantes baked cakes for *buffet*-suppers, radio and movie stars rehearsed skits and the nation was rallied to support 6,000 *fêtes* by what Carl Byor & Associates, who manage the campaign annually, called the greatest mass-promotion program since the War.

Not to be outdone, Postal Telegraph and Western Union joined the fund-raising drive by urging well-wishers to wire birthday greetings to the courageous fighter against "polio" in the White House. All proceeds from the twenty-five-cent telegrams go into the Warm Springs fund.

In the White House, surveying these efforts with the happy smile of one who knows at first hand what they mean, is President Roosevelt, voicing these sentiments:

"My own views are that the national fight against infantile paralysis can not cease. It must go on. . . . I am sure that the birthday celebrations in 1937 can be of even increased value to the nation-wide fight . . ."

FLOODS: Nature Again Catches Large Areas Unprepared; Losses Rise with Rivers

"To the hills! To the hills!"

Last week, that familiar, agonizing, perennial alarm aroused the nation. This week, thousands of hapless Americans continued to flee the lowlands as the Mississippi, the Ohio and their tributaries burst their banks and swept away the labor and savings of millions.

In ten days, nearly half a million quaking citizens had been driven from their homes; half a hundred were dead or dying, by nature's hand or from the fires and epidemics that invariably follow in nature's angry wake; property loss passed the $15,000,000 mark.

Damage—In thirty-six years, the cost had been: ten million or more homeless; ten thousand or more dead; property loss in terms of buildings, live stock, chattels, crops and loss of time of between a billion and a half and two billions; additional property loss in terms of erosion and top soil wastage of incalculable billions.

This week, as always, the Government and the Red Cross acted speedily. The former, at the insistence of President Roosevelt, prepared to add $2,000,000 of public money to the latter's $1,000,000 emergency fund. Food, cash, medicine and surgical supplies, doctors, nurses were poured into the stricken region where 200 cities and towns lay in the grip of the most wide-spread flood disaster in more than a generation.

Fires broke out, notably in Cincinnati and Louisville, adding to the horror and damage. Extra police were impressed to shoot looters on sight. Red Cross workers, National Guardsmen, CCC and NYA boys fed the hungry, reunited lost children and frantic parents, helped to care for the sick and aged, found shelter for shivering orphans of the storm.

Paradox—But as the flood-waters receded, as the volunteer workers and the money so generously contributed by more fortunate Americans began slowly to restore normal conditions and alleviate the suffering, one tragic, well-nigh incredible fact stood out above all others:

The world's most modern nation, the world's wealthiest nation, a nation whose men of science had joined the Pacific and Atlantic, had harnessed tides, deflected rivers and moved mountains for industry, was still at the mercy of nature's whims, still resigned to writing off a few hundred lives and a few million dollars a year as "inevitable."

That these things are *not* inevitable has been amply demonstrated. The 1913 flood cost towns in the Miami Valley in Ohio 600-odd dead and $200,000,000 damage. Business men and farmers banded together and organized the Miami Valley Conservancy Development. A program of flood prevention costing $30,000,000 was rushed through. Last week, tho the rainfall in the watershed of the Miami River had been greater than in 1913, the river held its banks, not a life was lost, property damage was negligible.

Test—Dayton, Middletown and Hamilton were spared the agonies of their sister cities on the Ohio. Proudly, Alexander Thompson, President of the Ohio Chamber of Commerce, gloated:

"The Conservancy has withstood the greatest test of any flood prevention project in the world."

Another case in point is that of the Winooski River Valley in Vermont. In 1927, the toll there was fifty-five dead, losses $13,000,000; in 1935, two detention reservoirs were completed by the CCC at a cost of $2,000,000; in the 1936 flood, which cost New England more than 100 dead, property loss of a quarter billion, the Winooski Valley escaped with one life lost, negligible property damage.

Solution—Engineers insist that this policy would apply for the country as a whole. They believe that an outlay of a billion would go a long way toward ending the flood menace where it is habitually worst. If that is true, on the basis of past losses the sum would be recouped in less than a generation on real property savings alone; and if the factor of soil conservation is computed, that amount would be "amortized" in a decade.

Actually, flood-prevention bills had been killed in the two sessions of Congress preceding the present one, largely because opposing power interests found unexpected support from Congressional liberals like George Norris of Nebraska, who objected to "pork-barrel" features of both measures.

This week, Sen. Royal S. Copeland of New York was prepared to press for $50,000,000 instead of the $30,000,000 originally sought in the bill on the current agenda.

Action—The Norris group wants action, real action, quick action. It sees flood prevention as a part of the whole intricate and interlocking problem of soil conservation, wild-life conservation, cheap power and waterways. They are forever thinking of the "billion or more" of which the engineers speak.

And there is another possible connection:

In New York City this week, Tracey B. Auger, Regional Planning Engineer of the Tennessee Valley Authority and Vice-President of the City Planning Institute, laid the perennial loss of homes and business buildings, especially the former, to poor zoning. He urged cities in the lowlands and valleys to relegate the "bottoms" to piers, warehouses and the like, requiring householders to reside on the higher land.

With that added thought in mind, Norris was again ready to press his action for "adequate insurance." In his broad view, shared by virtually all the technical authorities, the problem should be treated as one whole: Conservation, power development, flood control, drought (for the excess water impounded in the reservoirs would be available during dry seasons) and rehousing.

Such a comprehensive program, its sponsors maintain, would: (1) provide work for thousands of unemployed; (2) bring cheaper power to millions; (3) halt the disintegration of hundreds of thousands of acres of farm land; (4) conserve wild-life; (5) save lives and property now sacrificed needlessly.

If it succeeded, certainly it would spare Americans the painful duty of coughing up relief funds every so often. For despite the heroic legends that spring from such generosity, they can not hide the fact that *Uncle Sam* is still locking the barn after the horse has been stolen.

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HARA-KIRI THREAT IN DIET DEBATE

Japanese Army Demands New Cabinet, Action in North China

In Japan's new $10,000,000 Parliament Building last week, 390 Peers and 465 members of the House of Representatives assembled for the first time. Already earthquake-proof, the building was made riot-proof by the largest display of police Tokyo had ever seen.

Hara-kiri-proof it was not.

When shriveled, bald, seventy-eight-year-old Kunimatsu Hamada, oldest member of the lower House, oldest member and leader of the Seiyu Party, shook his finger and quavered at War Minister General Count Juichi Terauchi: "If I lied, I shall commit *hara-kiri* here. If you can't prove what you say, you commit *hara-kiri* yourself," the session hurriedly adjourned in dismay, never, probably, to reassemble in its present form.

Adjournment came after a day of bitter attacks on the Cabinet, both in the House of Peers and the House of Representatives from speakers of all political parties.

Cries of "fake, fake," howls, derisive laughter, charges of slavish subservience to the Army, and a jeer by aged Hamada that "you are the most unpopular Cabinet in thirty years," greeted forlorn attempts by the Government to justify past policies, to propose new policies.

Derision—Screams of laughter, boos, shouts of "faker . . . fraud" all but drowned the voice of Japan Mortgage Bank President, Finance Minister and Peer Eiichi Baba, explaining his budget, 32 per cent. higher than the last budget, already a record high.

Usually grinning, now desperately perspiring, Foreign Minister Hachiro Arita, striving to interpret his disastrous negotiations with Chinese Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and his dubious anti-Communist treaty with Nazi Germany as diplomatic triumphs, shriveled to silence under jeers, groans, shouts of "bunk," cries of "shut up; sit down." Equally impotent to quell the uproar was Japan's so-called "master of compromise," youthful looking (tho sixty-nine) Premier Koki Hirota.

Accused of letting the Army run him, of yielding to fascist pressure, of betraying Parliamentary Government, of playing into the hands of would-be dictators, Hirota replied with half-hearted, roundly hooted denials.

"Dictatorships were devised by nations defeated in the war or during periods of destitution," scolded aged Hamada. "They are by-products of national misfortune and desperation . . . run counter to Japan's national structure, with the Emperor at the nation's head." His final challenge came after bald, politically inexperienced General Terauchi, siding with his Premier, charged that the Army had been "insulted."

"Search the stenographic record," was Hamada's ripost. "If I insulted the Army I will apologize by *hara-kiri*. . . . If not . . . you . . ."

Begs Hirohito — To the Imperial Palace, after adjourning the session, rushed Premier Hirota, begging Emperor Hirohito to extend the adjournment for forty-eight hours to let political passions cool. Consenting, the Emperor called in consultation tottering, eighty-eight-year-old Prince Kinmochi Saionji, last of the *Genro* (Elder Statesmen) who piloted Japan out of Nippon's ancient secluded feudalism.

Alternatives: to let Parliament reassemble and resume its uproar, or to dissolve it, calling for elections in sixty days, with the probability that in the interim the Army would seize control and relegate the elections to never-never land.

On Saturday the Cabinet fell, whereupon the Army, sneering at compromise, gave notice it would rule alone. It was the prelude to a show-down.

Never strong (the Army has for years insisted on the privilege of naming the War Minister from the roll of generals on active service and on imposing its financial demands without civilian control), Parliamentary Government is now accused of being out of touch with the people, interested only in self-perpetuation for selfish reasons; of vacillation, of impotence to solve acute national emergencies.

Globe

War Minister Terauchi . . . his army insulted

Bitterly opposed to communism, the Army nevertheless poses as champion of Japan's underprivileged farmers and laboring classes, demands elimination of profit to financiers, industrialists and great merchants; would "nationalize," under State ownership, big industry, mining, power developments and finance, replacing taxes with the profits.

Ill-understood abroad is the fact that Japan's Army really is in closer touch with the hard-pressed, debt-ridden Japanese farmers than is any other organ of the State. From General Staff to lowest private, with few exceptions, the whole military establishment comes from the nation's handkerchief-sized farms. To that population, which can not buy services, is without influence to obtain them otherwise, the Army is benevolent uncle, Red Cross, Community Chest.

Earthquakes?—The Army rescues the wounded, puts out the fires, and rebuilds the ruins.

Drought?—To the nearest Army post, rather than to the nearest politician, hurry the drought-ruined farmers. If irrigation ditches can be dug to lead life-giving water to their rice-fields, it is the Army, not the civilian branch of the Government, which digs it.

Famine? — The Army issues relief rations.

Parliament—"Parliament," says the Army, "represents the business men and grafters. The common people: They are we. We are they. We live or die together."

Cause of Parliament's hysteria last week was wide-spread conviction that no matter what Parliament did, the Army would have its way, with more popular support than Parliament could rally.

Count Terauchi's Army plan, known since early December, is for a super-Premier and super-Cabinet, exempt from Parliamentary control, empowered with both policy-forming and executive powers. Left to play platonic politics would be a shadow Cabinet, smaller than the present Cabinet, and a reduced Parliament which could debate and vote to its heart's content in a vacuum.

"We are like a pup, fire-crackers tied to its tail. We must go somewhere . . . and in a hurry," is one Army apologist's justification of Army haste. Every Nipponese knows what Japan *must* do or die. Only the Army has a positive plan for doing it.

North China—Raw materials that they can buy with Japanese money, markets which can not erect tariff barriers against Japan, are what they feel they must have. Nearest place, only place, to get both is North China. To try to get them by negotiation, by conciliation, by observing international proprieties, the Army says, is vain.

"To go straight to North China, with an expedition big enough, well enough armed, to make success swift and certain, and take what we have to have and no more, is," says the Army, "the only way to escape catastrophe. We can't worry about how it looks to foreigners. Besides, with less necessity, they have all done the same in the past. While they were doing it, we, Japan, were finishing 2,000 years without a foreign war. Look where it got us."

Comment — "Cease dilly-dallying, diplomatic transactions, bargains," says the Tokyo daily *Nichi Nichi*. "Military force is the real power." "We must force our plans on China by the use of real power," echoes the Osaka *Mainichi*. "Between diplomatic retreat and war," again snarls *Nichi Nichi*, "there can be only one answer. That is war."

As to further watchful waiting while her diplomats play tag with slippery Chiang Kai-shek at Nanking, *Nichi Nichi* says: "Further delay in the use of military force against China will merely make it harder. . . . The Nanking Government grows stronger day by day."

Propaganda—Meanwhile, aware that the so-called but apparently inevitable "forward policy" on the Asiatic mainland will arouse a storm of foreign disapproval, the Foreign Office, just before the uproarious opening of Parliament, perfected

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plans for throwing a chain of professional propagandists around the world.

"Information secretaries," press-agents such as Western nations have, are to be stationed in New York, London, Paris, Berlin—later in Rio de Janeiro, San Francisco and elsewhere.

"*Joho shokikan,*" in their own tongue, these "secretaries" will be called.

Story—If they are clever, the *joho shokikan* will retell the tale of how the Western world got what it wanted in Japan, how Commodore Matthew Perry, on July 7, 1853, sailed his "black ships" into the Sea of Sagami, dropped anchor off Uraga, sent ashore a message saying: "Make a treaty of peace or I fire."

They will tell how, bewildered, frightened, not knowing how else to get rid of the "barbarians" with the loud guns, they put a tent down on the shore and sent representatives, "in opposition to Japanese law," to agree that Shimoda and Hakodate should henceforth be open to American ships.

Once they had yielded to American guns, British, Russian, French guns appeared off their coast, shelled their coast cities, demanded and obtained permission to come in on as favorable terms as the Americans.

Each concession, each yielding to the threat of Western cannons, the bewildered Japanese hoped would be the last But the Americans came back, in 1856, put a big bearded man ashore at Shimoda, explained through bad interpreters to puzzled Japanese who had never heard of such an official: "This is Townsend Harris, our Consul. Give him a house. Cut him a flagpole. Give him servants."

Instructive—Side-splitting but instructive would be the tale of how Harris came ashore with one white man, a Japanese-speaking American of Dutch origin, of how he brought his Western cast-iron stoves and other paraphernalia, set up housekeeping in a temple, was watched for months by stupefied Japanese as if he had been a strange animal in a zoo.

So afraid to go near him were one part of the population that the new American Consul had to spend days, his hands black, his face streaked, trying to make his own stove draw, unable to obtain servants. So hostile were another part of the population to the intrusion of the Western "barbarian" that they lurked in shadows to assassinate him, and did eventually murder his secretary.

Unconscious of both timidity and hostility, the two Americans sauntered up the near-by valleys, serenely ignorant of either the fright they caused or the danger they dared. When they finally got servants, they protested that the servants were followed and spied on, unaware that the "spies" were special police to ward off fanatics sworn to kill any one who would serve the "barbarians."

For months, the new Consul's only negotiations were laborious efforts to get chickens that would not die before they had cackled in his hen-house a week. The Japanese thought the curious person was asking for sick chickens.

British—British pioneer diplomats, trampling, as British will, slightly more rough-shod among native populations, rode horseback, and casually one day got themselves murdered for sacrilege, whereupon a British fleet appeared off Kiushiu and bombarded it until it was "almost completely destroyed by fire."

After another bombardment, in which American, British, Dutch, French ships shelled Shimonoseki "for several days," because certain negotiations had failed, the bewildered island Empire, pried open like an oyster against its will, had to fork over an indemnity of $3,000,000, for, it seemed to the Japanese, being bombarded.

Eventually Western powers had their way, until in recent years Japanese villagers have learned to make no protest when the white "savages" climb into their public steam-baths and sit in their birthday clothes among Nippon's women and children.

To-day, only eighty-one years after the Western world shelled its way in, Japan is on the verge of shelling her way out.

SOVIET TRIAL: Ambassador Davies Arrives in Time to Hear Incredible Confession of Treason

International lawyer by career, counsel in Washington tangles for Mexico, Peru and Santo Domingo, America's newest Ambassador, Joseph E. Davies, found himself in court again, four days after he had arrived in Moscow.

"Russia is one of the most interesting places in the world to-day," he said cheerily, lifting his top hat in 20 degrees of cold as his train pulled into Moscow station.

How interesting, he did not even surmise until Saturday. Then, wedged with 500 others into the long, low, pea-green-and-white assembly hall of the old Nobles Club, translator and veteran Embassy Secretary L. W. Henderson whispering in his ear, he thrilled at one of the grim, incredible court-room follies which Moscow alone can stage.

Trial—There in a row, behind microphones broadcasting their voices over all the Soviet Russias, seventeen "old bolsheviks" accused of conspiracy threw away their lives as one tosses peanut shells over his shoulder.

Accused of conspiring with No. 1 old bolshevik exile Leon Trotzky to turn Red Russia back to capitalism and give half of it to Fascist Germany and Japan, they casually pleaded guilty. How amazing their confession was Trotzky himself, newly landed in Mexico, told in a scornful press statement.

"The whole Political Bureau, most of the whole Central Committee [the two governing organisms of the Soviet State] are, Stalin excepted, proclaimed agents for the restoration of capitalism. Who will believe this?"

Ambassador Davies could believe only what he saw and heard. That it astonished him, as he scribbled scratch-pads full of notes for his first ambassadorial report, was obvious.

For five long hours, he heard professorial,

Natori from Black Star — Keystone

The Army plays Red Cross and Community Chest to debt-ridden Japanese farmers . . . "The common people. They are we. We are they."

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Acme

Ambassador Davies . . . arrived at the Embassy in Moscow with frozen food, American films, keen interest, and . . . Mrs. Davies

red-bearded, curtain-raiser Gregory Piatakoff, head of the Soviet Chemical Trust, confess blandly and in hair-raising detail that he and the sixteen others had conspired with Trotzky to:

1. Overthrow Communism, restore capitalism.
2. Precipitate war.
3. Give the Ukraine to Germany.
4. Give eastern Siberia to Japan.
5. Assassinate Stalin and other Soviet leaders in a campaign of terrorism.

As if detailing to his class the history of another age, Piatakoff adjusted his horn-rimmed spectacles that he might more easily read his lecture notes, took care to confront the microphone, and told of an air-plane visit under a false passport to Trotzky in Norway, *via* Berlin.

That Trotzky had made a deal with arch anti-Communist Adolf Hitler's battle-field crony and deputy Chancellor, Rudolf Hess, to give Nazi Germany what she wanted in return for Nazi support was, Piatakoff related drably, the amazing news Trotzky told him and the wild plan of which he agreed to be a part.

Gift—Pay-off for Nazi aid in overthrowing the present Soviet Government of Stalin, the Trotzkyists would give Germany the rich, fertile Ukraine, mere bagatelle of 471,731 square miles, 29,000,000 population, big as Texas, California and Mississippi; populous as New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio.

Nothing so barefaced as an outright present was this gift to be, however; rather something of a puppet State, "autonomous" in its relation to Germany as Manchukuo is to Japan.

Added bonus: German capital was to have "every opportunity" for investment in Russian oil, gold, lumber, manganese and any other trinkets of raw materials it might covet, as far east as the Urals.

"And when war begins," the incredible Trotzky was charged with saying to Piatakoff, "we must do our utmost to coordinate our effort with Germany and perhaps with Japan, by sabotage and terroristic action of all kinds."

"These were Trotzky's instructions. . . . This was our program," drawled Piatakoff, adding piquantly that his post as head of the Chemical Trust and Vice-Commissar for Heavy Industry enabled him to place fellow conspirators where they could best carry out plans for sabotaging Stalin's ambitious industrial plans.

Radek—As blandly he told how Karl Radek, official spokesman through *Isvestia* for Stalin, handled espionage for the Germans, and how Gregory Sokolnikoff, former Ambassador to London, did the same for the Japanese.

"All Trotzky's instructions—our plans—were prepared in accord with the German General Staff," Piatakoff tossed out as if it were of no importance; but this time he was confessing too much even for Presiding Judge Vassili Ulrich, who banged on a bell to drown his voice and shouted: "Leave out the international question."

Once again, when the witness was about to name the Japanese Ambassador to Moscow as party to the scheme, Judge Ulrich clanged his bell.

"That is for the closed session," he ordered.

Foot-note to the main conspiracy was an alleged letter from Trotzky written to Karl Radek thirteen months ago.

"In case of war between the United States and Japan," the letter read, "we shall have to yield the oil of Sakhalin Island to Japan and guarantee her a supply of oil."

Details—Accomplished details of the main plot were explosions in chemical plants and train wrecks killing scores of persons. Projected, in case Stalin should, as the conspirators hoped, get into war with Japan and Germany, were plans for infecting troop-trains, stations, food depots and sanitary stations with disease germs to kill, not Russia's enemies, but Russians.

To finance the plotting, Piatakoff admitted throwing contracts for equipping his factories to German firms which charged extra high prices and turned the excess into the conspiracy fund.

Denying that he had had any relations at all with Radek since 1928, Trotzky repudiated the letter read in court, snorted in a copyrighted dispatch to the New York *Times:*

"Where in the world can we find an example of terrorists, traitors, spies, who carried on their work for years and then, as if under orders, confessed all their crimes?"

ENGLISH DIVORCE: A. P. Herbert Fights to Put Liberalizing Measure Through Commons

The British Marriage Bill of 1937, which would liberalize the stringent, eighty-year-old Matrimonial Causes Act, has already had two stormy readings in the House of Commons. Last week, its provisions inspired another violent scene in the Standing Committee of the House, and by the end of the debate one of its clauses had come to grief.

A. P. Herbert, humorist M. P., has struggled for divorce reform for years, and his novel, "Holy Deadlock," did much to persuade Britons of the evils of collusion, which he considers inevitable when only adultery can end a marriage. Undaunted by the failure of his earlier bill, he persuaded Rupert de la Bere, Conservative M. P., to introduce a new measure last November, at a moment when the Commons lobbies were buzzing over the famous suit Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson had instituted against her husband. "Divorce is a release from misfortune and not a crime," Herbert insisted.

Provisions—It would permit divorce for adultery, desertion during a three-year period, cruelty, incurable insanity or certification as a lunatic for five years, incurable habitual drunkenness and life imprisonment. None of these provisions would apply during the first five years of marriage. Herbert also proposes to abolish the authority of the King's Proctor to deny a divorce within a six-month period, on evidence of collusion. As a sop to the clergy, he would repeal the law which obliges a minister to remarry divorced persons, or to lend his church for that purpose.

Last week, the drunkenness clause came under fire. Tories argued over the danger in fixing the degree of intoxication necessary. "I feel the country would be dangerously near to what obtains in the United States," W. P. Spens warned. "Certain judges would be known as easy divorcers, other judges as difficult." His colleague, A. M. Lyons, one of the measure's bitterest opponents, believes the entire bill "promotes impropriety." He held

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Friendly and informal relations exist between King and commoners . . . peasant woman greets Boris

the clause in question would mean "entry upon the slippery slope, easy for divorce, but leading to misery, trouble and anxiety worse than the promoters of the bill seek to redress." In the end, they voted to delete the drunkenness measure.

Suicide—Next day a Manchester woman killed herself, and left a letter ascribing her act to the "rotten divorce laws."

Meanwhile the bishops of southern England, in congress at Westminster Abbey, heard a resolution of the Bishop of Ely proposing to deny communion to divorced persons who remarried, "transgressing the law of Christ and the Church."

As for the former monarch, who abdicated to marry a woman whose divorce decree is not yet final, the weekly newsmagazine *Cavalcade* reported that Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin had interfered to prevent the Duke of Kent from visiting his brother while on the Continent for Crown Princess Juliana's wedding.

PERSONA NON GRATA: Mrs. Simpson's Scotland-Yarders Advise, Stay Out of England

Ever since Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson was bundled out of a curtained limousine and into the Rogers's Villa Lou Vieil at Cannes, she has been the target of letter-writing cranks. Some of the hundreds of ill-humored missives threatened her life, or so her entourage intimated to reporters on the Riviera. Until Saturday, however, the woman for whom Edward VIII renounced the throne probably dismissed them with a shrug.

Over the week-end Mrs. Simpson received a letter that could not be dismissed with a shrug. It was from the Scotland Yard detail that had guarded her at Cannes during the first weeks of exile, and it strongly advised her to heed the threats and stay out of England.

Nothing personal, the kindly Britons assured her. It was just that she was a symbol, just as the King was a symbol.

French papers read into the whole business an official ukase from Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin to his most doughty foeman.

The men who took it upon themselves to sound the warning insisted they were not even acting for the Yard. Just learned to like the near-royal exile while they were down there on the Mediterranean and wanted to do a pal a good turn—that was all.

BULGARS VOTE: Boris Grants Ballot to Child-Bearers and Non-Revolutionists

Backed against the wall of the audience-room in his modest Palace in 1934 by the *clique* of Army officers which had just overthrown civil Government, arresting its leaders, Bulgaria's stolid little monarch, Boris III, grudgingly made a promise:

There would be "no going back" to the political party system that had existed from the War's end until that day.

Hobnailed boots had echoed in the night in Sofia's streets. Private citizens and public men peering through shutter-slits at dawn had seen tall soldiers, bayonets fixed, posted at street-corners and before the doors of politicians. All day they remained inside, for whenever a door or window opened, a rifle pointed that way. From seeing such things before, they knew that when martial law was relaxed, a new Government would be in power.

Voters—Seeking in the third year of unwillingly approved dictatorship to find a way back to representative Government without throwing his little country of 6,000,000 inhabitants back to the twenty political Parties which had made its affairs a bedlam, King Boris, balder still than last year, suddenly decreed last week that in the forthcoming elections there should be allowed to vote:

1. Only men without revolutionary ideas.
2. Only women who have borne children.

Easy to list are the women who have had children. More difficult to classify are "ideas" which will disqualify the males.

Communists, in Bulgaria an agrarian brand, will undoubtedly come under the ban. But what of members of the Officers' League which overthrew the most democratic of all Bulgaria's post-War Cabinets, the Farmers' Party Government of Premier Stamboulisky, by assassinating its leader in 1923?

And the Officers' Association, which three years ago booted out Nicholas Mushinov's legally constituted Democratic Party Cabinet, substituting an Army-supported dictatorship with straw-man Kimon Georgiev as its head—Will the King dare declare their ideas revolutionary? They whittled away at the prerogatives of Boris, attempting to force him to abdicate either his throne or his powers; until, in October, 1936, he rebelled, ousted the lot; called burly Gregor Keosseivanoff, still without a Constitution, in office as a non-Party Premier.

Rid of his politically ambitious Army officers and the particularly turbulent type of small-town professional politician which infests his country, King Boris would have few difficulties beyond those of prolonged depression.

Friendly—With the common people of his little realm his relations are intimate, easy, mutually trustful. When former King Edward VIII visited him at Dragoman last year, Boris remained in the crowd long after the British sovereign had gone, chatting with an old priest and an ever-widening circle of men, women, children.

On the return trip to Sofia, he rode in the engine-cab, drove his own train, and at the terminus wandered through the railroad shops talking with workmen who found it possible to talk with him, man to man, with no bowing or scraping.

With shepherds, farmers, mechanics, with any of the simple folk, Boris is happy; and they with him. But with Bulgarian politicians, no one can be amiable.

Rural—Except for the total lack of seigniorial mansions, Bulgaria's countryside still has much of the flavor, even in its Capital, of rural Russia before the building boom began. Not taxis, but horse-drawn droshkies with oil lanterns, wait at the little station or clop-clop through the deep mud (in summer, deep dust) of wide, treeless streets. Booted peasants in sheepskin jackets, wool inside, sit, eat, sleep in bullock carts in the market-places; or inch their way homeward, creaking wheels audible for miles.

In the low villages of whitewashed mud, wooden Orthodox churches lift their bulbous steeples and Greek crosses above pigs rooting about the steps; and poverty is so great that, at least so legend says, Bulgars cut their cats' tails short that they may shut their doors more quickly in winter, saving fuel.

In Sofia alone is there trace of architectural grandeur; and that is foreign. Remnant of Imperial Russia's pan-Slav propaganda, the great white Alexander Cathedral thrusts a golden dome so high that on clear days it is visible forty miles.

That no Bulgar not totally blind, however illiterate, might ignore the fact that the cathedral was an Emperor's gift, a bright mosaic in the portal shows the Czar in priestly robes in giver's gesture, holding a reproduction of the cathedral in his outstretched hand.

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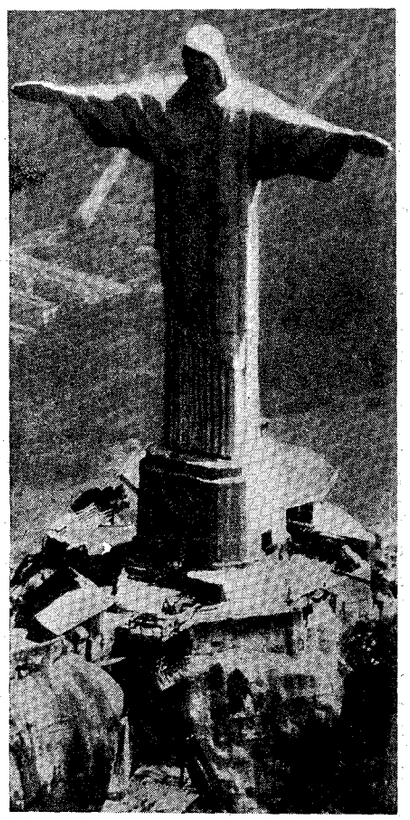
BRAZIL STRIP: Trouserless Prisoners Bite Bobbies in Tense Judicial Atmosphere

"Your Honor . . . the prisoners won't put on their trousers."

The entire judiciary of Brazil gasped at the head jailer's amazing news, then acted with judicial precision. To clothe four strip-down strikers and bring them to judgment, Col. Costa Netto, Chief of the National Security Tribunal, last week dispatched forty policemen with orders not to return empty-handed.



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Rio's Christus . . . blesses war-torn Brazil

Ten against one, scuffling and sweating, like King's men reassembling fallen *Humpty Dumpty*, the forty Brazilian policemen labored over the kicking, biting prisoners, skewed pajamas on three, breeches on the fourth, haled them to the court-room.

"Down with the Court. Long live the National Liberty Alliance!" yelled the pajamaed three.

In pantomimic silence, the prisoner in pants refused to face the bench, backed to the space before the judges, bowed low to the rear wall.

Just a detail in Brazil's long trial of 156 officials, women and peons, accused of revolt in 1935, who have been in jail now more than a year.

State of War—Brazil is in a "state of war" (with no foreign enemy, however); was in that state, and officially under martial law (declared for the ninth time by the ninth President since 1924) when Franklin Roosevelt intoned: "War destroys . . . ideals of human liberty and of the democratic form of representative Government" to a deliriously cheering Brazilian Parliament.

In hundred-lots prisoners were, and are, being cast into and out of jail. Two hundred were freed at Sao Paulo on January 14. Mass arrests were made at Rio de Janeiro during following days.

Accused of trying to overturn the State in November, 1935, were the 156, a motley and occasionally distinguished lot, including a former Senator, four members of the lower house, professional men, Army officers, ragged peasants and women.

Prisoners—Far beneath the majestic stone Christ blessing the city of Rio de Janeiro, former Mayor Pedro Ernesto Baptista stood with the 156 to be arraigned. With him stood a member of Germany's pre-Hitler Reichstag, Ernst Ewert, now dubbed by Brazilian enemies the "claw" of Moscow's long Red arm.

More important than all the others was the founder of the *Allianca Nacional Libertadora*, Luis Carlos Prestes, perennial Brazilian revolt leader, ninety-nine-pound chief of a vest pocket army with which, ten years ago, he marched 15,000 zigzag miles through the back country, burning peasants' debt records, destroying peons' registry lists, to free a landless, foodless, penniless, barefoot, half-naked citizenry from abject subjection to landowners themselves hard-pressed by coffee market depression.

Not among the prisoners was the German wife of Ernst Ewert, or the German-born wife of Prestes. Both women, Mrs. Prestes an expectant mother, were, after prison beatings,* deported to the hospitality of a concentration camp in Nazi Germany.

Outwardly soft, really hard-boiled President Getulio Vargas calls the revolts "Communist risings."

The National Liberty Alliance insists it is only demanding distribution of large estates to small farmers, a relatively mild labor and social legislation program, and confiscation of foreign capital enterprises in Brazil.

Long Campaign—Prestes's long guerrilla campaign in the interests of the peons serpentined all over Brazil from the frontier of Uruguay to the Amazon; ended only when, half-way back to his starting-point, Prestes and his column fled over the border into Bolivia.

Latest prisoners, numbered in censored reports only as "many," were taken in the suburbs of Rio, with documents revealing —according to the Vargas police—widespread revival of the National Liberty Alliance, plans for raising funds by selling special stamps, an already written constitution for the proposed new State embodying redistribution of large estates and the other *Allianca* reforms, together with plans for a wholesale jail-break of the 156 prisoners now on trial.

Among the new prisoners is Capt. Miranda Correa, President Roosevelt's bodyguard during his visit to Rio. Four socially prominent women, members of feminist associations, are also under indictment.

One year from this month, if shreds of Brazil's Constitution survive, a new President will be elected. Technically, President Vargas may not succeed himself; but since his first election was by the Parliament, not popular vote, he may construe it as no election in the constitutional sense, and run again in 1938.

* "I have the official minutes of procedure concerning my brother and his wife in Rio," wrote Minna Ewert in *The New Statesman* "The woman was stripped and beaten in the presence of her husband until she collapsed, covered with blood. Then the same was done to my brother. Mrs. Prestes was similarly treated. Under those conditions she bore a child."

SPAIN'S "VOLUNTEERS": Number of Aliens Fighting in Civil War Alarms Both Sides

First signs of disaffection in Germany over the mobilization of so-called "volunteers" for action with the Spanish Insurgents appeared last week, when the *Gestapo* (Nazi secret police) suddenly confiscated the current issue of Gen. Eric von Ludendorff's bimonthly organ, *The Holy Source of German Strength*.

What got the Nazi censor jittery was an article written by President Paul von

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Revolutionist Prestes (second from right) jailed with 155 coplotters

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Hindenburg's World War associate, in which he charged that the "volunteers" (the quotation marks are his) were for the most part "commanded to go to Spain." Bluntly, the aged General hinted that Insurgent Generalissimo Francisco Franco "in some way or other . . . must pay for the assistance being given him by the other Powers." But, he added, General Franco "has and will have little money at his disposal unless the Jesuits and the Deterding Royal Dutch Shell Company grant him and advance him some, with a view to being reimbursed a thousandfold."

Mercenaries—Insisting that the Nazi "volunteers" are fighting "with reservations," like mercenaries of old, Ludendorff elaborated on the rôle of the Jesuits in the Insurgent campaign and their anxiety to "recover their immense real estate, which their faithful believers willed to them in order to secure for themselves a place in heaven."

Paradoxically enough, Madrid's Leftist daily, *Juventud*, substantiated Ludendorff's assertions and stated that General Franco has sold himself body and soul to *Fuehrer* Hitler to the extent of about $100,000,000, not including his debt for the purchase of 237 German bombers. Spaniards in Insurgent territory, horrified at the excesses of the Moors and the active rôle the Nazi volunteers have been playing in what they at first deemed a holy war against chaotic Leftist policy, ominously repeated the dying words of the disappointed Miguel Unamuno, famous Spanish writer, who swung to the Insurgents' cause: "I would like to die when I think of the way the Germans behave themselves on Spanish territory, as if it was their own."

Tally—Even the die-hard French writer, Henry de Kerillis of the conservative *Echo de Paris*, found that more foreigners were fighting with the Rebels than with their Loyalist foes. Following a visit to General Franco's headquarters, de Kerillis asserted there were 83,000 aliens fighting in Spain, estimated as follows:

	With Loyalists	With Insurgents
Germans	2,000	30,000
Moors	.....	24,500
Frenchmen	12,000	500
Russians	10,000	.....
Belgians	2,000	.....
Poles	2,000	.....
	28,000	55,000

European Rightists, on the other hand, found cause for venting their indignation at the oft-repeated charges that the French borders are kept busy with ammunition smugglers for the Spanish Loyalists. Last week the police of Liége, Belgium, arrested Marcel Jouhaux, son of the Secretary-General of the French General Confederation of Labor, on a charge of smuggling ammunition for the Loyalists. Tho embarrassing to Premier Léon Blum's Government, the discovery was flouted by French Leftists as puny in comparison with the mammoth shipments of arms, ammunition and planes from Nazi and Fascist countries.

Italy—Meanwhile Premier Mussolini and his diplomatic guest, Nazi Aviation Minister Hermann Wilhelm Goering, obviously ignored British Foreign Minister Anthony Eden's appeal to Germany to drop its supernationalism and cooperate with the rest of Europe as they awaited *Fuehrer* Hitler's decision on their secret deliberation regarding the Spanish situation. Instead, Berlin deflected the 3,000 effectives from their Morocco destination to Spanish soil, as the Insurgent attack on Loyalist Malaga became intensified, while well informed Italian newspapers openly declared that all hope of renewing the Four-Power Pact had vanished.

Stanchly supporting the Nazi-Fascist pro-Insurgent policy, little Portugal likewise snubbed peace efforts, and the suggestion that supervision of its Spanish borders be allowed under an international body. Despite the rigid censorship of the secret police, Lisbon was thrown into a frenzy last week, when several bombs, said to have been planted by radicals, wrecked the War Ministry Building.

Firing-Line—In the Spanish war zone itself, indications were the Loyalists changed to offensive tactics and netted several victories on the Madrid front by pushing back General Franco's Moors and Foreign Legionnaires on the northwest and southern sectors. Despite the continued air bombing to which Madrid has become accustomed, militiamen now proudly speak of a unified command which has reorganized and disciplined the untrained hordes of Communists and Anarcho-Syndicalists. Heartened by their revamped morale, militiamen doggedly advanced in the Pozuelo de Alarcon sector in the northwest, penetrated almost as far as Las Rozas and recaptured Sombrilla Hill south of Madrid.

On the Mediterranean front, southward, the Loyalists fared badly as the Insurgent forces converged on their stronghold at Malaga from Granada, on the east, and from Marbella, southwestward. Braving mountainous country, the Foreign Legionnaires made forced marches toward the famous Mediterranean port with the object of taking the city before the arrival of 4,000 international volunteers, which the Valencia Loyalist Government had rushed thither.

In Valencia, War Minister Manuel de Irujo, lamenting the destruction caused by six months of civil war, estimated the toll of life thus far at 1,000,000 men, women and children.

"ANY ONE HERE SPEAK SPANISH?"
—Reg Manning in Arizona Republic

FOREIGN FLASHES

Melbourne—To the 100 degrees of this city's typical January midsummer heat was added last week that of a five-acre water-front fire, endangering shipping, destroying cargoes. From warehouses hundreds of tons of butter, meant for Britain's bread, melted by the flames, flowed through adjacent streets in golden rivers.

* * *

Lille—An embarrassed Government has discovered that its official designation of Jean Destour of this city as France's "best workman" was no guaranty that he would remain employed. Last week, the metal shop in which Destour beat out fine wrought-iron designs closed down; and along with the second- and third-raters, Destour was out. Unofficially, officialdom is hunting him a new job.

* * *

Tokyo—More than three pounds of spinach a day has been the ration of Japan's *Pop-Eye*, in this case "The Doctor." Kakuji Yoshida, M. D., says that in six years he has consumed more than 8,280 pounds of the green; and is much more robust than before.

* * *

Hamburg—Giant gasoline-driven vacuum-cleaners, tried experimentally on Hamburg streets, remove every speck of dust from a strip eight feet wide while traveling at twelve to fifteen miles an hour. A ton of fine dust and a ton and a half of refuse are drawn into each of the machines before it needs be emptied. No sprinkling is necessary.

* * *

Bucharest—More than a dozen persons have been killed recently in protest riots against the Gregorian calendar which Rumania, along with Greece, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia, has adopted to be in step with the rest of the world. In Bessarabia, former Russian Province and last stronghold of the old Czarist Church, die-hard priests have told their parishioners only that a "godless Government" deprives eighteen saints of the honors due them. They do not explain that elimination of the eighteen Saints' days brings Rumania into line with the calendar which most of the world has followed since the sixteenth century.

* * *

Vienna—Fear that Nazi spies are evading press, radio and mail censorship by using pigeons to carry to Germany "unauthorized information" has caused the Government to draft a law forbidding the raising of carrier-pigeons by all but specially designated persons.

* * *

Tokyo—To discourage "dangerous thinking" in time of political crisis, the Japanese censor has banned the films "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "Mary of Scotland." Both represent criticism of established authority. "Mary" includes a challenge to a throne.

* * *

Rome—The Swamp at near-by La Magliana, drained in *Il Duce's* reclamation project, is to be filled again, this time as a lake for seaplane landings. A circle a mile and a half across of fill is to be re-excavated, filled with water diverted from the Tiber.

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SURGERY APPLIED TO MEDICAL COSTS

Insurance Proposed to Remedy Nation's Illness Budget

If all the doctors in the United States had occupied adjoining offices, and if some medical dictator had padlocked each alternate door and tacked up the sign, "Closed Because of Unemployment," the 50 per cent. remaining in active practise could easily have cared for all the patients who received medical attention last year.

But if every person who should have had medical care had actually received it, there would have been no unemployed surplus of physicians, dentists and nurses. There would have been an acute shortage. One reliable survey estimates that 47 per cent. of the people in the lowest income group receive no medical or dental service whatever.

In the middle income class, a family may

Wide World

Abraham Epstein's health insurance bill

suddenly be stricken with a major illness, be staggered by a sickness bill of $200, $500 or more which may throw its modest budget out of line for years. Wealthy patients grumble over the sliding-fee charges of physicians, asserting that they are penalized because they happen to be able to pay. Hospitals rely on taxes and turn to contributions to keep their doors open. Highly trained physicians and nurses go on relief; in 1933 there were 400 doctors on relief in Chicago alone.

From these and a dozen other sources come anguished protests that America's system of medical economics is badly out of joint. To remedy the system, to bring medical service within the reach of low and middle income groups who can not budget for it or who shy away from charity, a plan for national health insurance has been proposed and has recently gained such headway that organized physicians are drawing up their lines of battle to oppose it.

Progress—Health insurance progress may be gaged by the following facts: (1) Sen. Arthur Capper, of Kansas, will introduce the model health insurance bill of the American Association for Social Security in the Senate this session. (2) The Social Security Board is studying various plans of health insurance. (3) The American Federation of Labor will ask President Roosevelt to set up a Federal Commission to recommend sickness insurance legislation. (4) Two weeks ago, President Roosevelt startled Congress by requesting a reorganization of the Government involving two new Cabinet portfolios, one to be a Secretary of Public Welfare (physicians fear this as a first step toward socialized medicine). (5) Health insurance was considered as a provision of the Social Security Act, but was omitted from the draft of the bill because of the pressure of organized physicians. (6) President Roosevelt has not committed himself on health insurance, but physicians frankly fear that his attitude is favorable; if the President indorses a health insurance measure, its chances of passing Congress are excellent.

At the moment, the whole subject of health insurance is highly controversial, is amazingly complicated by confusions, contradictions, disagreements, name-calling, internecine schisms and political jockeying. It is vitally important because it would affect all classes of the population, probably would involve new taxes, certainly would require pay-roll deductions, and in turn, at least theoretically, would provide medical service and sickness benefits.

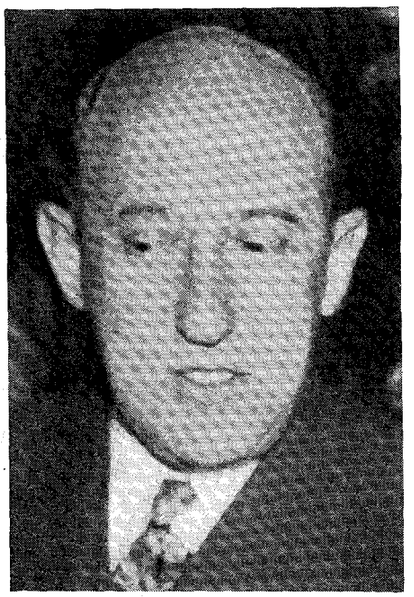
Two facts dominate the situation currently: (1) The problem is packed with dynamite. (2) The country will not have health insurance this year, probably not next year, but observers are confident that it will come eventually as the third leg of the Social Security structure.

Definition—Health insurance arguments are complicated by the fact that disputants often use the terms, "State medicine," "socialized medicine," and "health insurance" interchangeably. State medicine is the particular straw man which physicians rip to shreds. Soviet Russia is the only nation in the world to espouse State medicine. In Russia medical service is free to all citizens, is paid for by public funds and administered by public servants. Socialized medicine describes health insurance only to the extent that private practitioners may be paid from general tax funds. The bulk of the money for health insurance comes from the contributions of the insured.

Essentially, health insurance is not a system of medical practise at all. It is a pooling of the funds of individuals to provide money for paying private practitioners who care for them when they are ill. Sickness strikes suddenly, unpredictably. A man may go along for fifty years with no other medical expenditures than casual purchases of aspirin and cough-syrup, and then abruptly be faced with a bill for a major operation and weeks of hospital care. It is estimated that only families with annual incomes of $5,000 or more can properly budget for medical care. Health insurance, its proponents maintain, would do this budgeting on a national scale at an estimated cost of 6 per cent. of the worker's salary.

Medical service is a big business, ranking sixth in the national scale. From 2,500,000 to 3,000,000 Americans are always sick. To minister to them, 1,100,000 persons are engaged in an industry capitalized at $6,000,000,000. The cash turnover is $3,600,000,000, which represents the annual sickness bill of the United States. Drugs, medicines, hospitals and institutions annually receive $1,700,000,000 of the ailing American's money. This income supports 530,000 persons engaged in those trades. Doctors, dentists, nurses, cultists, *etc.*, to the number of 554,000, receive $1,900,000,000.

Americans spend twenty billions a year on luxuries and non-essentials; certainly $3,600,000,000 a year for medical care is not excessive *if spread over the whole population*. Excluding amounts paid from public funds, the average family has a yearly health bill of $108. The only trouble is that there is no such thing as an average family. In a normal year, half of



Acme

. . . is opposed by Dr. Morris Fishbein

all individuals have no sicknesses at all, one-third have one illness, one-sixth two illnesses, a few three, four, or five illnesses. But 10 per cent. of the nation's families, incurring charges of more than $250, pay 41 per cent. of the country's sickness bill. Illnesses vary greatly in cost. A cold or digestive upset costs, on an average, $6; pneumonia, $59; a confinement, $95; appendicitis, $168; cancer, $342. These figures are drawn from the exhaustive studies of the Committee on Costs of Medical Care, which in 1932 issued a twenty-three-volume report.

Doctor's Dilemma—The most effective opposition to health insurance comes from doctors. Yet physicians are by no means unanimous in their opposition. They, too, are faced by acute economic problems. A young man spends $25,000 to $30,000 on a medical education, hangs out his shingle and is soon puzzled as to whether he is a business man or a public servant. Professional ethics, with its ban on advertising, its obligation to charitable service, emphasizes the public servant angle. But the doctor soon learns that overhead

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expenses eat up a good 50 per cent. of his gross income. He has to have costly equipment if he is to do his job; X-ray machines, fluoroscopes, surgical instruments, metabolism testers, a freshly laundered receptionist.

Small wonder, then, that for every physician with a net income of $10,000, there are two with incomes of less than $2,500. Only 80 per cent. of the average physician's charges are collectable. Not enough people can pay for medical care to enable enough doctors to make a reasonably good living. Many potential patients use city hospitals, enroll in commercial insurance plans or industrial clinics, or gravitate to quacks or self-treatment. Patent medicines, self-prescribed, move quickly off the druggist's shelf, but prescription business has dwindled until now the average number of prescriptions compounded in a year by a pharmacist is 1,200—slightly over three a day, altho he is equipped to produce ten times that number.

Out of economic pressure, then, is born the willingness of the younger physician to accept health insurance with its apparent assurance of a steady income through providing the patient the wherewithal with which to pay. He can, if he is fortunate, get a staff job in a clinic, become associated with an insurance company or an industrial organization. If he remains in an unremunerative private practise, he can, if he is strong-willed, resist minor forms of medical racketeering — fee-splitting, unnecessary operations, and the like. Men in established practise point out that it is merely a case of the survival of the fittest. The point that health insurance advocates stress is the appalling waste of trained talent badly needed by the sick and the underprivileged.

Opposition—Organized opposition to compulsory State health insurance centers in the powerful American Medical Association, headed by puissant, persuasive and practical Dr. Morris Fishbein.* The A. M. A. is the largest medical organization in the world, boasts some 120,000 members, represents about two-thirds of all American doctors. It is a pyramidal association built up on County and State Medical Societies.

Its stedfast opposition to national compulsory health insurance is based mainly on these contentions: (1) Administrative cost would be prohibitively high. (2) It would destroy the personal relationship between physician and patient. (3) It would make the physician subject to political control. (4) It would destroy the incentive to progress which exists under private practise. (5) It would subject medicine to the domination of laymen. (6) It would tend to an inferior type of treatment through requiring the doctor to take care of more patients than he could normally handle. (7) Its costs would be excessively high and would involve burdensome taxation.

The extent to which the A. M. A. is a camp divided against itself is impossible to estimate. At least two State Medical Societies* have opposed the association's stand on health insurance, and the American College of Surgeons in 1934 came out in vigorous opposition.

Battle Gage—Outstanding in its acceptance of the gage of battle is the American Association for Social Security, which is largely Abraham Epstein, its Executive Secretary. Epstein is a slight, mild, battle-wise polemic, without illusions and possessed of an extraordinary tactical resiliency. Crushed to earth, he has risen time and time again.

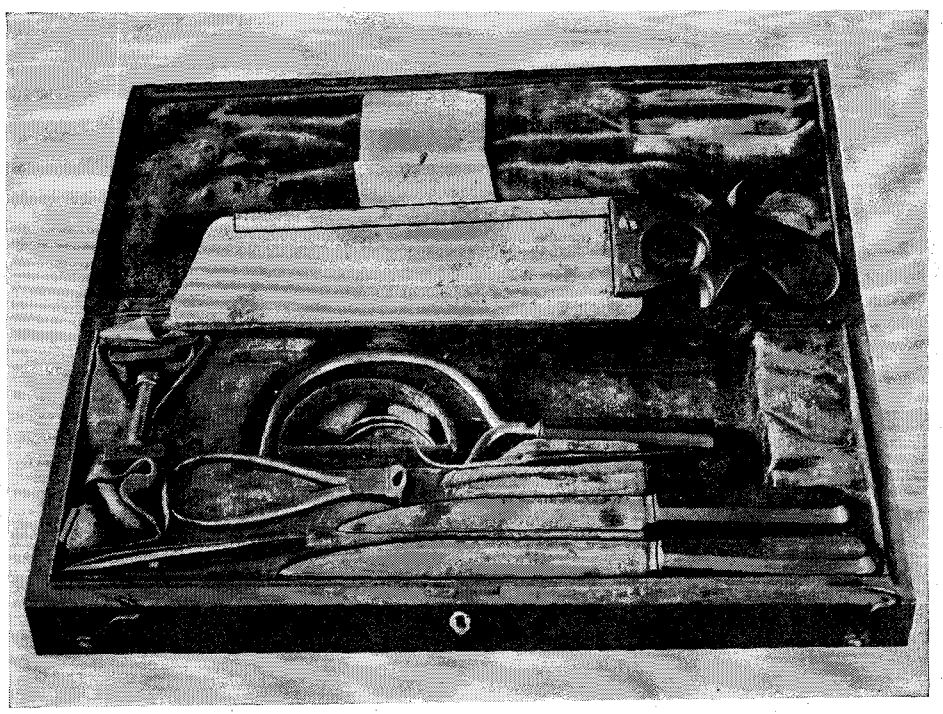
In the period between 1915 and 1920, he saw health insurance winning its battle, following the success of workmen's compensation laws, which remains to-day the only U. S. experiment in health insurance. **In that time a bill was actually passed by the New York Senate; killed, its backers charged, by medical opposition. At that time, too, labor was opposed to health insurance.

But last week Epstein returned from Washington, quietly reported the winning over of William Green and the American Federation of Labor; reported, also, that the Association's Model Health Insurance Bill will be presented in the Pennsylvania and New York Legislatures, as it has already been in Massachusetts.

Model Bill—The provisions of what is sometimes called the Epstein Bill, which was largely drafted by Prof. Herman A. Gray, of the New York University Law School, include the principles which probably will be adopted when and if health

Wide World

Portable stethoscope based on the acoustic principle . . . costly modern equipment cuts into doctors' incomes



Keystone

Doctor's surgical kit of yesteryear: these crude instruments did not incur the overhead which is the modern doctor's problem

*The A. M. A. itself is not averse to what it considers ethical experiment; in fact, nearly 200 medical service experiments are being conducted by County Medical Societies in the United States.

*Michigan and California.

**On January 1, 1937, compulsory health insurance legislation became effective in British Columbia. It covers all workers (except farm employees) receiving less than $1,800 annually, includes 250,000 citizens in its scope. Essential care by physicians and surgeons chosen by the insured person is provided, as well as free hospital care up to ten weeks, laboratory service, diagnostic aids and half the cost of medicines. The insurance pool is built up by deducting 2 per cent. from the employee's wages; employers contribute 1 per cent.

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insurance becomes a statute. It would (1) be compulsory for all workers under certain wage levels, probably $3,000 per annum; (2) assess a 6 per cent. wage contribution, the State to provide 1½ per cent., the remaining 4½ per cent. divided between employer and employee; (3) provide health services and cash benefits not to exceed $15 a week for a period not to exceed twenty-six weeks; (4) allow persons with incomes of more than $3,000 to join voluntarily.

There would be no compulsion for physicians to enroll in the panel (the term used to describe the list of physicians who may be consulted by the insured when they fall ill). Presumably there would be enough physicians voluntarily enrolled to allow the patient as wide a choice of doctors as is now available to him.

Health insurance advocates cheerfully point out an inconsistency in the stand of their opponents, who insist that medical experts control administration, yet that the layman be free to choose his own doctor—whose actual technical skill the layman is incapable of judging.

"Objections to the effect that the personal relationship between the physician and patient would be completely lost are entirely unfounded," says Mr. Epstein. "Compulsory insurance permits the free choice of doctors by patients, as well as the right of the doctors to refuse to treat certain patients."

History—For years, European countries have had health insurance as a phase of social security legislation. I. F. Falk, in "Security Against Sickness," (Doubleday, Doran), his monumental study of health insurance, ably analyzes the various foreign systems as pointing the way to a basic American program. Bismarck, in 1883, gave Germany the first compulsory health insurance system. Austria followed in 1888. Other countries rapidly fell in line, until at present, says Mr. Falk, no major European State is without some form of health insurance. Lloyd George, in 1911, pushed a program through to acceptance in Great Britain, despite the opposition of the British Medical Association. Significantly enough, the bitter opposition of British medicine dwindled, until a few years ago the Association adopted a resolution almost without dissent asking for an extension of the present Act. Most European plans provide the services of physicians, nurses, hospitals, pay for some medicines. Cost is borne by premiums from the worker's wages, employer contributions, some Government funds.

Tactics—These, then, are the broad lines of conflict along which the forthcoming health insurance battle may be expected to rage. Journals of the medical profession are frankly alarmed, are calling upon physicians to enlist actively in the cause, lest State medicine be thrust down their throats. Representative of the intense interest of the profession in an effective plan of campaign is the following editorial excerpt from the December issue of *Medical Economics*:

"In what way can the physician's influence be brought to bear? There are numerous mediums—legislative lobbies, newspaper and radio publicity, contacts with those who mold the opinions of large blocs, the dissemination of printed literature, and personal chats with patients during the course of every-day practise.

"Lobbies in various State Capitals have done a commendable job in obstructing State medicine so far. Their real test, however, will come this winter.... No less important is it to maintain contact with large employers, publishers, directors of clubs and federations, and other individuals known to play a part in public opinion.

"Every physician was urged last year to tell his patients about the dangers of State medicine. Many did so. The work was done quietly, but it was effective. It cooled off the legislators in the Capitol. It cooled off the occupants of the White House."

If health insurance comes up in Congress this session, who may be expected to support it? In the House of Representatives, Beiter, Tolan and Connery probably would espouse the cause; in the Senate, Wheeler, Capper, Frazier, Black and Wagner. In general, Congress doesn't know what action should be taken, but is eager to find out. The general feeling is that health insurance should be a State plan, as under the present Social Security Act, and as provided for by the model Epstein Bill. If President Roosevelt recommends such legislation, the probability of passage is excellent. That is why the opposition roundly resents the fact that at no time has the President definitely stated that he is opposed to health insurance. The best that a committee of doctors was able to get in the way of a statement was a remark by the President in a New Jersey speech before election:

"The medical profession can rest assured that the Federal Administration contemplates no action detrimental to their interest."

Old methods get the air as water inflation arrives for tractor tires

Hospitals—The most striking demonstration of what can be done to budget unpredictable medical costs is found in the amazing recent growth of "three cents a day" hospital associations. These associations, for an annual fee of $10, provide necessary hospital care for their subscribers for periods up to twenty-one days. They are neither charitable nor profit-making organizations, provide no medical service.

The Associated Hospital Service of New York is the largest, with some 250,000 enrolled, of whom 93,769 are in Manhattan. It has nearly half the total enrolment of the country. Cleveland has 50,000, Minneapolis and St. Paul, 65,000. Last December the Hospital Service Corporation began taking enrolments in Chicago. There are sixty-odd associations of the sort throughout the country, twenty more in process of formation. Since June, 1936, enrolments are said to have doubled. New York, up to the present, has taken care of 12,511 service calls.

It may well indicate a degree of public interest in medical economics which will force the health insurance conflict to a show-down.

SCIENCE SHORTS

Tires—Does your tractor skid and bounce when it encounters rough going? Then inflate the tires with water instead of air, the B. F. Goodrich Company recommends. Using special inflation valves, the tire is connected to a faucet and the required amount of water forced into the inner tube. Some air, of course, is left in the tire so the water is free to flow (and in the winter calcium chlorid, an antifreeze, is added). The additional weight of the water gives the tractor tires a firmer grip, provides a cushioning effect which keeps the tires from bouncing as they strive for traction. Thus far, no application of the unique water-inflation principle has been made to passenger-car tires.

* * *

Plant Complexion—Tobacco physicians can diagnose the state of health of the growing weed by examining its complexion, Dr. J. E. McMurtry of the U. S. Department of Agriculture has revealed. If the tobacco plant's complexion is light green, it needs more nitrogen; if an abnormally dark green, phosphorus is deficient. Lack of iron, manganese, sulfur, boron or calcium is indicated by inadequate top growth of the plant. All these elements must be present in a tasty cigarette.

* * *

Front Seat—The passenger who rides beside the driver runs the big risk in automobile accidents. This is the conclusion of Dr. Claire L. Straith, Detroit plastic surgeon, who finds that 75 per cent. of crushing facial injuries are suffered by the guest-passenger whose head strikes the instrument panel at the moment of impact.

* * *

Gas Tax—American motorists contributed $900,000,000 to pay the 1936 petroleum tax bill of $1,173,413,000, it is estimated by the American Petroleum Industries Committee. State gasoline taxes accounted for $685,000,000, the Federal gasoline tax for $190,000,000, and lubricating oil taxes for $29,308,840.

* * *

Frozen Alive—Fish don't mind being frozen alive if the chilling process is gradual. Prof. P. J. Schmidt recently startled the Russian Academy of Sciences by displaying a large ice block in which two fish were solidly frozen. He placed the ice block in water, the ice melted, and the fish, which had been frozen three days before, thawed out, revived and started swimming about. Professor Schmidt asserts that many varieties of edible fish can be frozen in this way, shipped long distances and revived.

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THE CURRENT FAD FOR PICTURE MAGS

News-Stands Swamped with Demands for Camera Products

"The country's gone nuts over these pitcher mags!"

Exasperated, as another unsatisfied customer walked away, grumbling, a veteran New York news-stand owner shook his head.

No, he didn't have any more copies of *Life*. Yes, the first issue of *Look* was sold out. No, the new *Mid-Week Pictorial* wouldn't be out for another two days.

All day, the man had been repeating the same answers.

"What's come over people?" he muttered. "In the last coupla months, you can't get enough pitchers for 'em."

Unconsciously, he voiced sentiments of magazine-dealers throughout the country, readers in millions of homes.

Picture magazines are a current American vogue.

Since the War, rotogravure sections, tabloids and specialized magazines in various fields (art, theater, screen, nudism, fashion) have been whetting reader's eyes. Pictures have become more candid, more daring. Beauty, color and improved printing have balanced audacious trends.

Curious Public—Now the picture magazine—embodying the spirit of William Randolph Hearst's famous slogan: "A picture is worth 1,000 words"—has burst full force.

European editors started experimenting right after the War, found picture magazines good investments. The idea grew, hit its highest Continental peak several years ago.

Vu, Pour Vous and *Marianne* found wide appeal in France; *Berliner Illustrierte Zeitung, Illustrierte Beobachter, Munchener Illustrierte Zeitung* hit public fancy of Germany; *Zuricher Illustrierte* and *Schweizer Illustrierte* clicked in Switzerland. The monthly *Natura* in Italy, *Wereld Chronic* and *Ons Land* in Holland, the *Weekly Illustrated, Illustrated London News* and *The Sketch* in England—all found their followings.

On October 10, 1936, the American surface was scratched when Monte Bourjaily, eight years General Manager of United Features Syndicate, brought out a revitalized *Mid-Week Pictorial*. Published by the New York *Times* since 1914, circulation was lagging when the new management took over the reins on September 1. Dr. Franz Hoellering, former Editor of the *Berliner Zeitung am Mittag*, became Managing Editor.

Everybody's business, however, was that he planned a newspicture weekly, supplementing the daily and Sunday press. His aim was to interpret news rather than report *via* photographs, sketches, cartoons—thus pointing up stories with a minimum of text.

There would also be a few regular departments, such as the full page of text on the theater contributed weekly by George Jean Nathan.

Second issue trebled circulation; 104,000 copies were sold, 85,000 from the newsstands.

"Life"—Five weeks later, amid much fanfare, the first issue of *Life* reached subscribers, became a general topic of discussion. Copies became so rare, hostesses gave cocktail parties with possession of a copy as sole excuse. Second-hand dealers ask $1 for copies of the first two issues; 50 cents for the next two issues; 25 cents for all others.

For several months previously, all sorts of rumors had been heard about "that picture magazine that *Time's* going to put out." Truth is that as far back as the fall of 1932, the idea of a picture magazine was discussed in the editorial sanctums of Time, Inc.

Parade was the initial tentative title, then some bright mind dubbed the skeleton *Uncle Harry's Show Book* in honor of Publisher Henry Robinson Luce, to whom the incomplete idea was a pet.

The time was now the fall of 1935 and Time, Inc., began casting around for its own source supply for pictures to be used in *Time, Fortune,* any other publication it might foster.

Pictures, Inc., was formed. Through this channel would go prior magazine reproduction rights to pictures of The Associated Press, Acme, International News and Wide World.

Gradually a library of pictures was collected. In eight months, $167,000 was spent buying *en masse*. Out of nineteen pictures purchased, two might be used in *Time* or *Fortune*, the remainder dumped into Pictures, Inc.

Five thousand pictures a week started rolling from the four major picture services, hundreds of others from the twelve minor agencies. These, in turn, if taken, would be offered to other magazines, preference naturally being given to the home-office publications.

With the necessary source of pictures flowing, *Time* editors turned full force on the new picture magazine in the spring of 1936. Costs, budgets, patterns, plans were discussed.

Income—At $1,500 per page, advertising contracts of $1,700,000 were sold for the first year on a circulation basis of 250,000.

Charter subscribers were solicited at $3.50 a year. Sight unseen, more than 250,000 persons sent in checks and postal orders, showing their curiosity about the new magazine.

To the trade, the publication was announced as *The Show Book of the World*, ballyhooed as the biggest picture-show on earth.

Twenty-one weekly features were announced, the final being "The Unpredictable." To the mass of 7,500 pictures for choice weekly were added hundreds of others to be supplied by crack photographers on call or on salary.

"Candid" specialists, portraitists, interior specialists, amateurs—any one supplying "a good and interesting picture"—would be enlisted.

Final step before publication was decision on a title.

The humorous monthly magazine *Life*, founded in 1883, was bought for a reputed $96,000, minus various deductions. Along with the title went the famous Life Fresh Air Fund and farm. Editor Clair Maxwell and some forty-odd *Life* employees shifted allegiance to Time, Inc.

"Judge"—Arrangements were made at the same time with the other humorous monthly, *Judge*, to take over the old *Life* subscribers desiring a comic, not a picture magazine. Advertising contracts likewise reverted to the erstwhile rival.

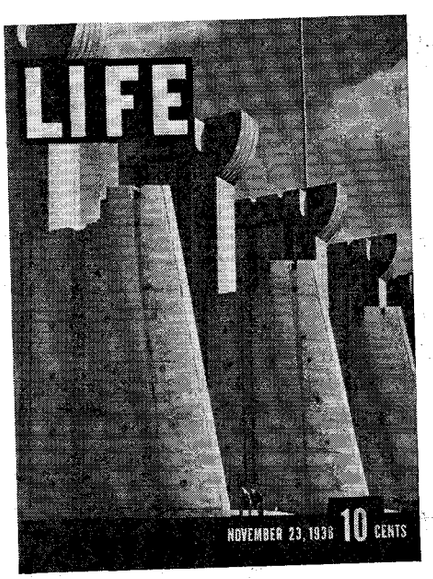
At this stage Publisher Bourjaily entered the scene again. He purchased *Judge*. With the field to himself, he hoped to run circulation up to 250,000 within the year.

Wide-spread newspaper comment greeted issue No. 1 of *Life*.

Profile—Most colorful yarn appeared in *The New Yorker* of November 28 under a profile of Henry Robinson Luce by Wolcott Gibbs.

In some quarters it was stated that the *New Yorker* Editor, Harold Ross, had waited two years to return the trenchant compliments paid *The New Yorker* in *Fortune's* comprehensive survey of August, 1934.

Columnists averred that Luce stormed the *New Yorker* offices to sock writer Gibbs on the jaw, ran into Ross for a lusty exchange of bellows. Other stories stated



Acme

Luce's "Life" gave new lease to the old "Life," November 23, 1936

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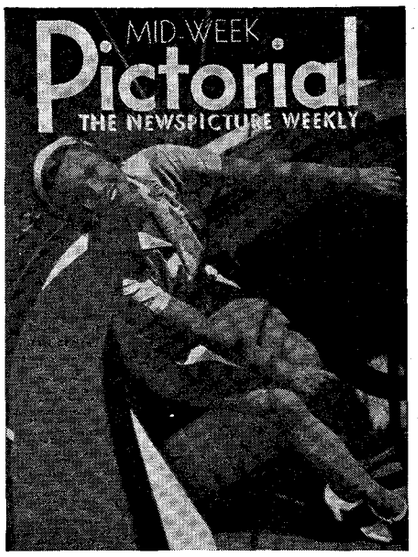

The first of the "pixies" brought out on October 10, 1936, by Monte Bourjaily

Luce would send a corrected version of his life and career to the United Press. This was not done. Truth is Ross sent galley-proofs of the profile around to Luce. The latter saw Ross, protested many statements, got nowhere. Both later agreed that the prepublication confab had been "amicable."

Most disturbed party in the mix-up was the Editor of *Ringmaster*. In his November issue, out October 15, Otis Chatfield-Taylor had contributed an article on the *Time* editors. The general tone and illustration were found curiously similar to the subsequent widely read *New Yorker* profile.

Copies—*Life's* first issue went to more than 250,000 mail subscribers. Another 200,000 were run off for the news-stands. Distribution and delivery by the American News Company split the run into three sections, so that the second delivery reached the stands before the first was exhausted. In this way 450,000 copies were marketed, instead of the scheduled 400,000. Still it became impossible to buy copies. Dealers grumbled that the sale was controlled; they only received as many copies of *Life* as they took of *Time*.

By the seventh issue, dated January 11, the print order was for 760,000.

Altho circulation figures are not completely broken down as yet, distribution of the new magazine parallels *Time*. Twenty-five per cent. in cities of 500,000 population and over; 25 per cent. in cities of 100,000 to 500,000; 16 per cent. in cities of 25,000 to 100,000; 10 per cent. in cities of 10,000 to 25,000; the remainder in those cities less than 10,000.

Bewildered by the terrific interest, the publishers and the American News Company made a circulation test in Worcester, Massachusetts—population 195,311. Fed all the copies they could dispose of, newsdealers in the town ate up 6,000 in one week. Taken nationally, this indicated *Life* has a potential circulation of 3,000,000.

From past reports and surveys, it is believed that between 3.5 and 9.7 persons will thumb through every copy.

Speed—To meet this circulation, printing speed is necessary. The flat-bed press was found too slow for *Life's* demands. So the rotary press had to be modified. Tho most of the modifications are still trade secrets, one essential factor is known. With the altered heating system going directly to the ink, it dries so nearly instantaneously that the rolling-off of thousands of copies per hour with the paper printed on both sides is feasible. Thus a full *format* magazine is published on extremely glossy paper, with illustrations as near to perfect as they can yet be made and on a rotary rather than a flat-bed press.

For months experimentation in Chicago went on with fast-drying inks. Now the magazine is printed in both rotogravure and letter-press, on four standard rotary presses. In February, two new presses will be added. They are built to the specification of printing 10,000 copies an hour each.

The original engravings are 120-line copper screen. The page castings from them are in standard type metal, which is then faced with nickel, a standard process where runs are heavy. Issues run about 75 pages (14 ins. by 10⅝ ins.) with an average of 200 pictures, several pages in color.

The time between the closing of the last page and the first completed magazine is cut well under twelve hours.

Proper paper is an important feature. *Life* paper had to be in rolls for the rotary presses. So new means of making it were devised and now the paper runs from pulp to coated, sixty-pound stock in one continuous motion. It is sufficiently heavy to prevent offset printing.

It costs six cents a pound and the magazine weighs about a pound. The current issue weighs something more than three-quarters of a million pounds, for all copies.

The printers maintain the cost of manufacture and distribution is fifteen cents a copy, with this estimate on the short side. Receiving six cents an issue from the distributors, this leaves the publishers nine cents short on every copy sold on the stands; five cents short to subscribers.

Still in the process of experimentation, however, new ways and means are rapidly being planned by *Life's* editors to pay for the unprecedented popularity of their galloping infant.

Charter memberships are up for the new year to $4.50. Advertising rates on a circulation estimate of 600,000 have been doubled to $3,000 a page for 1937.

Advertisers—Incidentally, the picture displays have had a varying influence on advertisers. Some declare the trend will stimulate advertisers to use better art, more pictorial display, and again, in contrast, more and better typographical pages. Artists declare it will be more essential to use hand-drawn work to differentiate between ads and pictures.

The H. J. Heinz Co. of Pittsburgh searched through more than fifty-seven pieces of photographic art to produce a pictorial advertisement to complement *Life's* editorial pictures. Paramount pictures used full pages of production stills to launch "The Plainsman" and "Champagne Waltz."

In its first eight issues, *Life* followed generally the course outlined in advance.

Features—A popular feature has become "Pictures to the Editor" which are sent in, paid for. One series of the Metropolitan Museum Free Concerts was by Edwin Rosskam of David Stern's Philadelphia *Record*.

Life assigned Jerome B. Zarbe, Jr., ace society photographer, to cover the $55,000 Widener party in Philadelphia. Five pages, sixteen pictures were devoted to this social event in the "Life Goes to a Party" section.

Among the first advertisers in *Life* were Gardner and John Cowles, publishers of

Pictures, Inc.

"Look": the latest picture magazine was launched in February by Gardner Cowles

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Courtesy D. Appleton-Century

Loire Brophy . . . parent of the Job-Clinic

the Des Moines *Register and Tribune* and the Minneapolis *Star*.

On January 5, they brought out the first issue of their own pictorial monthly, *Look*. From coast to coast, they spent $25,000 advertising the new publication, printed 400,000 copies. Until they find where their circulation is going, they will not solicit any advertising.

"We realize we are completely green at magazine publishing and editing," they protested, as their rotogravure experiment hit the stands. Ten days later, after demand had increased the printing order to 835,000, they were still dissatisfied, still experimenting.

"Highroad"—On the stands in January also was the first issue of *Highroad*, a 25-cent monthly published in Minneapolis. E. W. Moeller and Earle R. Buell are Editors of this "Book for His Excellency—the Driver." Feature of the first issue, 100,000 copies, was the two-page picture editorial "Thou Shalt Not Kill," depicting horrors of automobile accidents.

The pictures were selected from 700 actual newspictures of serious 1936 accidents, contributed by Highway Departments and free lances. Breath-taking and dramatic, the magazine did in pictures what "And Sudden Death," in *Readers Digest*, had done in words.

Writing of the new craze for picture magazines, Harry Hansen, Literary Editor of the Scripps-Howard Newspapers, was in a speculative mood:

"Just how candid are candid photographs going to get? It's hard telling. The old gods have fallen; the old tabus are broken down. The people who could be shocked passed out thirty years ago. A generation inured to reports of bombing from the air, wholesale executions, incredible racial persecutions, machine-gun raids by gangsters, a grand toll of motor-car deaths on the highroads—well, that generation can go a long way before it becomes nauseated and cries, "Let Up!"

Advertising

N. Q. NOT I. Q.: Executive Gives New Formula to Job-Hunters Who Write Letters

"You got bedbug letter number nineteen."

So Harold Clark, advertising head of *True Story Magazine*, answered a puzzled ad-man who wondered why his application letters met such a cold shoulder. The scene was the first meeting of the Job-Clinic, sponsored by the New York *Herald Tribune* and high-pressure job-getter Loire Brophy. On a platform flanked with stream-lined refrigerators, Clark paced, talking to a well-groomed, junior-executive audience.

Purpose of this assembly of ad-men was to gather tips on getting ahead in advertising. The Job-Clinic, scheduled to cover radio, sales and promotion as well, is a pet project of Mrs. Ogden Reid, and when the meeting went unreported in her *Herald Tribune* the following day, City Editor Charlie McLendon "heard from Helen."

While Reid reporters listened elsewhere, ad-man Clark explained *True Story* Editor William Rapp's idea—forthcoming in book form—that an individual is judged not by his I. Q. but by his N. Q. (Nuisance Quotient). How much of a pest is he to other people? When Clark finished, the smartly-dressed members of the audience popped up to query the speaker. Typical of their problems:

Question: What is the best way of getting a job in the advertising business?

Mr. Clark: I can answer that with a specific instance of a method that resulted in a job. The man who employed this method had a meager experience in the advertising business. Each night he wrote four letters to important men in the field. In his letters he said: "Dear Sir: In the advertising trade journals I have frequently seen your name mentioned and I know from conversations I have heard that your opinions in the business are highly respected. I am anxious to improve my position in the advertising world and I would be very grateful to you if you could spare ten minutes of your valuable time to advise me about my future. I shall call your secretary to-morrow for an appointment."

Three out of four of these letters resulted in an interview. Never during the interview would the man definitely ask for a job, but invariably the man to whom he was talking said: "If I were you, I would try so and so, and if you want, you may tell *Mr. Jones* that I suggested you call to see him."

This man followed this procedure for weeks and during the worst days of the depression he was able, by it, to get an excellent job and also make many friends.

Question: Are letters of application considered by the executives they're written to?

Mr. Clark: No, because they're stupid. Recently I interviewed twenty people for a job. They all looked alike. They were all born in 1898, ran the college paper and had the same kind of experience. Not one of 'em stood out.

Unless people identify themselves to the man interviewing them, they're sunk. There's one little trick that almost always works, but most people don't use it. After a man has given up his time to talk to you, the only courteous thing to do is to write him a letter thanking him for the time he's given you. In the second paragraph of this letter put down all your qualifications for the job. It's a letter that will separate you from the average applicant.

Question: Well, what should a straight letter of application contain?

Mr. Clark: Stress your fitness for the job.

Question: To what extent do you believe that ethics should govern a man in getting a job?

Mr. Clark: If by ethics you mean honesty and integrity, I think they're extremely important factors. I don't believe that you should ever maliciously or deliberately lie, steal or cheat to get a job. In the advertising business your most precious possession is your reputation and you should never do anything that will damage it.

It was Walter Winchell who said: "Be nice to the boys on the way up, for you'll meet them again on the way down."

What's Your Nuisance Value?

Method of scoring: For each question which you answer positively "Yes," count 10 points against yourself. For each one you answer positively "No," enter a zero. If your answer is not a positive affirmation or denial, scale your grade accordingly; for example, "sometimes" should probably be scored as 5, "seldom" as 3, "frequently" as 8.

1. Do you begin almost every sentence with the pronoun "I?"
2. Are you a loose thinker?
3. Is your mind closed?
4. Do you accept criticism as you would a green persimmon?
5. Are you an interrupter?
6. Are you an overseller?
7. Have you an uncontrolled imagination?
8. Are you a detail hater?
9. Have you ever wished the boss would drop dead?
10. Have any of your subordinates ever wished you would drop dead?
11. Are you always going to start to work to-morrow?
12. Do you frequently say, "I'll tell you what's wrong?"
13. Are you a "giver-upper?"
14. Do you ever act like a "mug" (masculine) or a "moll" (feminine)?
15. Are you a recognition "grabber?"
16. Do you avoid exposure to improvement?
17. Are you a "nobody-can-do-it-as-well-as-I-can" person?
18. Does your front-office attitude resemble that of *Uriah Heep?*
19. Do you ever forget to recognize the other man's point of view?
20. Are you a "stuffed shirt?"

Add your score when you have answered all questions *honestly*. If your score is more than 175, you should forsake your hoped for "career" in the advertising business. If it's between 125 and 175, probably you should try to get a statistical job in an advertising agency. If between 75 and 125, you should ask for a raise. If between 25 and 75, demand a controlling interest in the business. If your score is under 25, try again, and this time, says Harold Clark, *really* be honest.

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TRAINING TALENT FOR THE MOVIES

Briskin's Scheme Helps Young Actors, Little Theaters and RKO

There are about 12,000,000 adolescents between fifteen and nineteen years old in the United States.

Ten million of them, equally divided between the sexes, coast through this trying period glassy-eyed with the dreamy obsession that Robert Taylor, Pat O'Brien, Clark Gable, Tyrone Power, Greta Garbo, Barbara Stanwyck and Katharine Hepburn are incompetent and lucky.

They feel, in their 10,000,000 individually resentful hearts, that Hollywood closes its sated eyes to the flood of beautiful, accomplished youth in this country.

Any casting director, and almost any adult cinema critic, could tell these worthy but stymied children that most of the stars are anything but incompetent.

Not Luck—A forty-year-old ex-bookkeeper with an abhorrence for red ink could blast apart the luck fixation in perhaps fifty words. Furthermore, unlike some cinema executives, he knows the words.

Samuel J. Briskin, Vice-President in charge of production at the RKO-Radio Pictures studio in Hollywood, took the pretty little fable apart a few weeks ago. He was unaware that his words might reach even a portion of the smoldering youngsters. He hoped they would reach some of the 200 Little Theater groups which swarm across the face of America.

There are more adolescent players on the RKO studio lot than on any other in Hollywood. They range from plain handsome to Grade AA beautiful. They also range from alert, talented kids to stiff self-consciousness which gives them an automaton quality.

Some of the junior players Briskin inherited when he came to RKO in December, 1935. A few others he hired because they seemed to have something. Some of them did, some didn't.

Problem—Briskin has been kid-conscious a long time. He is an avowed believer in the theory of new faces. He has had his theory tortured and baffled, until recently, by a condition over which he feared he had little control:

With the decline of vaudeville, the compression of the legitimate theater and the griming up of burlesque to intolerable excesses, the three basic training schools for young players began to crack.

Some of the greatest stars in the theater got their training in vaudeville or burlesque, or both. It was a grim, relentless, tireless drill-ground, and they learned their business upside down, forward and backward. That is why, when the cinema began to talk and sing, the theater was raided by Hollywood. It realized it needed trained, poised, resourceful actors. It found them — in the theater, and there only. Now the theater, alas, has been raided to the straining-point.

When he took over, Briskin found himself saddled with a dozen or more eager, willing youngsters who were raw to the technique of acting and found himself having to sign up still others. He trembled for the effect on the quality of RKO pictures.

In the dead of a night, in a nightmare in which he dreamed he was in a blizzard of contracts, he found the solution.

Next morning he ordered his secretary to get up a comprehensive list of the recognized Little Theaters in the United States, whether municipal or collegiate. That afternoon she put before him a list of 200, complete with their standing, their value, the personnel of their directors.

To each one he wrote a letter. The letter stunned Hollywood. It must have paralyzed the Little Theaters. He had taken an amazing, costly step. Hollywood called it a gamble.

In essence, he wrote:

You have a Little Theater. I have young actors. My young actors need training, footlight training. Your theater would not be averse to having a Hollywood starlet on the premises for two or three weeks. Choose a rôle suitable for one or two of the persons whose names are enclosed, write me about it. If I think the rôle is suitable, I'll have the girl or boy rehearsed in it here, then send him or her on to you a week in advance of your *première* to get in a few days' rehearsal with the actual cast. We will pay travel and hotel expenses, charge you nothing for use of the player.

Response—Eighty-nine Little Theater directors responded, quickly. Some wrote, some telegraphed, twenty-two called up long distance. All congratulated him.

Last November, the young players began going out. The available list included Lucille Ball, Anita Colby, Alan Curtis, Ray Mayer, Judith Blake, Diana Gibson, Betty Grable, Jane Hamilton, Van Heflin, Philip Huston, Maxine Jennings, Gordon Jones, Thelma Leeds, Kay Marlow, Louise Latimer, Philip McMahon, Edward Price (no stranger to Little Theater acting himself), Patricia Wilder.

Especially upstanding Little Theaters also were offered the services of Owen Davis, Jr., and Paul Guilfoyle.

Before making his proposal, Briskin tested the youngsters in the RKO Little Theater in the studio. That idea came from Mrs. Lela Rogers, mother of Ginger Rogers. Once a Texas newspaper woman, she always had been interested in theater. Her knowledge of it had helped advance her child from a 'teen-age Charleston contest winner to Hollywood stardom.

Stage—She found an unused small building and suggested it be converted into a Little Theater. A stage was built, lighting installed, fifty seats were put down.

She selected plays, cast them from young contract players, directed them. RKO executives at first were the only persons in the audience. Later, executives from other studios wangled invitations, dreamed of doing the same in their own studios.

Other studios with modified training schools are Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which trains young players through the medium of two-reel shorts (notable graduate from this was Robert Taylor, who was used in the "Crime Doesn't Pay" series of shorts), and Paramount, which has training schools in Hollywood and New York.

The RKO school, under direction of Mrs. Rogers, presented many plays, taught the youngsters stage presence, poise, how to speak lines. Some even learned scenic design, lighting and direction.

The eighty-nine Little Theaters which asked leave to hunt heads on the RKO lot did not, therefore, get raw material. They got young actors and actresses with the rudiments well learned.

Wonder—Briskin learned bookkeeping and accountancy at New York University. He became an auditor, developed an auditor's horror of red ink. He became so militant about it that he was invited to do some book work for an ancient film concern called the Hallroom Boys Photoplay Company. This, naturally, awakened his interest in picture-making. From wondering why they cost so much, he moved by gradual steps to wondering why they were made so badly.

Out of wonderment grew knowledge. The CBC Film Corporation, now known

Mrs. Rogers to Briskin: "Some of them learn quickly, some don't"

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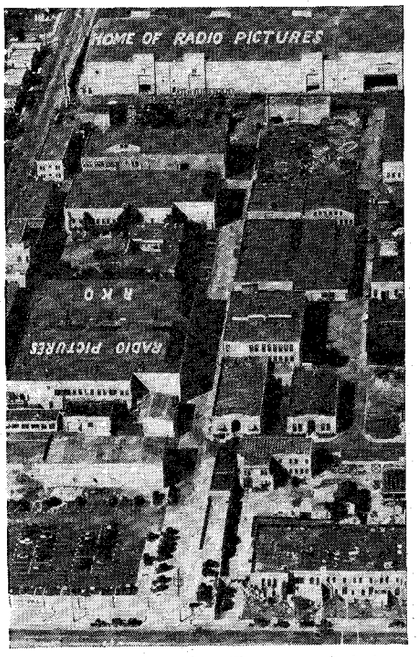
as Columbia Pictures, sent for him in 1919, but he left it in 1924 to organize Banner Pictures.

His partner died, and he returned to Columbia. He returned with his business learned, his thoughts marshaled. He was made General Manager and not only began piling up dollar savings but also began introducing some success ideas in his picture-making.

Columbia, from a small company, grew to be a large one turning out such products as "Criminal Code," "Lady for a Day," "She Married Her Boss" and the winner of the award by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, "It Happened One Night."

Success—"Luck has nothing to do with picture success," Briskin said. "And in cases



Eighty-nine Little Theaters raided RKO when it offered its starlets—free

where it has, it has turned to sour luck so quickly that the actor began to spin.

"We know our business out here. There are too many smart, trained technicians from the legitimate theater for a lucky actor with no talent to escape detection. They've got to earn their keep, and it's fancy keep most of the time. If an actor is getting $500 a week or $2,500 and doesn't turn in that much worth of screenable work, I, for one, won't pay the check for long.

"Our youngsters are all nice kids. Most of them have talent. Some are self-conscious as schoolgirls. Some are so nervous they twitch. Some freeze into mumbling immobility when they start to work in front of a grinding camera. We gave them a start on training here, I think the Little Theater idea will complete the job. If we discover and get training for six potential stars or even four, we have justified the experiment.

"Hollywood has raided the theater cruelly since pictures went to talk. Now let the theater raid us for awhile. I never stand in the way of a player—including a valuable star—going back to the theater. Right now, Katharine Hepburn is on leave to do 'Jane Eyre' for the Theater Guild."

Grades—Briskin, peering intently through round glasses, tells interviewers he has no

Film Ratings

These ratings represent a consensus arrived at by analysis of the comment of screen reviewers throughout the country. They are not arbitrary ratings set by THE LITERARY DIGEST Screen Editor.

AAAA—"Libeled Lady"; "Winterset"; "That Girl From Paris"; "Lloyds of London"; "One in a Million"; "The Plough and the Stars."

AAA—"The Garden of Allah"; "A Woman Rebels"; "Camille"; "Black Legion."

The ratings are: *AAAA*, Excellent; *AAA*, Good; *AA*, Acceptable, and *A*, Poor.

sentiments about grading pictures. Most studios lay out a program of so many *A* or excellent pictures, so many *B* or program pictures. Ordinarily, the pictures are graded even before they are made. *A* pictures automatically are those that cost above $250,000, *B* pictures those that cost under that.

"It's foolish," says Briskin. "I've seen million-dollar pictures result in something not worth a dime. I've seen $150,000 pictures go out as magnificent entertainment and clean up a fortune.

"No man alive can tell from a typewritten scenario what will happen before the last scene is photographed and the picture is put together for exhibition. We hope to make all of our pictures as good as we can make them.

"For the 1936-'37 season, RKO will make forty-six big pictures. Each will be a feature. I'd like to believe each will be a winner. Maybe some won't. If I had to break them up into *A* and *B* groups, I'd say we will make twenty *A's* and twenty-six *B's*. That grouping in this case is a matter of budgeting each picture. All could be in the *A* group so far as entertainment value is concerned. It's a dumb thing to label a picture in advance of public reaction. It has got so that if a picture is called a *B* picture during production the news leaks out and the public hears it and says, shrugging: 'Oh, just another *B* picture, huh?' That's crazy. I've seen *B* pictures I'd like to enshrine. I've seen *A* pictures I'd like to cut to ribbons and throw in a fire. We are making for the new season forty-six RKO pictures. That's the only grading I'm interested in right now."

Briskin: "Luck is no good in Hollywood"

Classics—He believes the cinema has not tackled enough classics, has mangled many of those it has attempted. He likes to reach out and grab an idea out of thin air.

Some weeks ago he decided that "Gunga Dhin" never had got reasonable or fair production. He didn't delude himself into thinking it was a classic, but he recognized its international "pull."

"It's much more than a barroom drunkard's poem or even a Saturday afternoon speaking piece for some elocution school," he said. "It's got swell strength and spirit in it. It's cinema stuff. I decided to make it, and I want Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht, with their gags put away in a trunk and their clowning hung up on a hook, to work on it. If I got a serious job out of them, they'd be the kings of this town again."

They are working on it—seriously.

"MAN OF AFFAIRS": George Arliss Plays Dual Role in Quiet British Thriller

On the theory, no doubt, that if one George Arliss is good, two must be irresistible, Gaumont-British gives the man with the talking fingers a dual rôle in "Man of Affairs," soon to be released in the United States.

In it, a celluloid teapot tempest involving what is called the inscrutable East and such seldom photographed matters as the British Cabinet, Arliss is twin brothers, one a semisoldier of partial fortune who wanders all over the Far East in quest of adventure, the other the British Foreign Secretary, as pompous as his sugar-foot brother is casual.

The scenarist, L. du Garde Peach, in a typical Peach edition, has prepared a quiet thriller. The *Emir Abdullah* is slain by two of his ministers, crafty sheiks who plan a regency until the *Emir's* son, *Ibrahim*, comes of age. A visiting Briton, *Howard*, is accused of the crime and escapes by taking service with *Richard*.

Plot—The Britons are followed to London by the sheiks and suspect a blackmail plot. *Richard* calls on his twin, *Lord Dunchester*. That one, faced with an Eastern crisis as a result of the homicide, wants war. The English people resent this hot-headed decision and *Richard*, to save his brother from assassination, impersonates him.

He craftily entangles the sheiks in what amounts to a confession, has it recorded on a concealed dictophone, plays the records for the Cabinet and thus proves the sheiks responsible. Great Britain is in the clear.

The Prime Minister, discovering the impersonation, decides that *Richard* merited a Cabinet job. The latter declines, and turns back to the mysterious East.

"Man of Affairs," if somewhat incredible, is at least double-barreled Arliss. Arliss admirers get the value of a double bill of their idol in one film. Some of it is a little silly, most of it is acceptable cinema.

The supporting cast is competent, but not distinguished.

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The Great Imitator

THE next great plague to go is syphilis. Dr. Thomas Parran, Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service, has stated that a major objective of his administration is to stamp out syphilis.

Dr. Parran reports that in the Scandinavian countries an aroused public opinion caused the governments to take effective measures which have reduced syphilis to negligible proportions. Less than 1600 new cases were found in Norway, Sweden and Denmark during the past year.

* * * *

In the United States, according to the best evidence, there are more than a half million new cases of syphilis every year seeking medical care. Of these, only one in five gets into the hands of competent physicians soon enough to receive the full benefit of early and continued treatment.

In its early stages, this virulent infection can usually be completely cured by experienced, licensed physicians. Much can be done even for those suffering from the disease in its advanced stages. Syphilis is then "The Great Imitator." It may masquerade as heart, lung, throat or kidney trouble; as a form of skin disease or as rheumatism. It often attacks the brain or spinal cord. It may result in blindness, deafness, paralysis, or insanity.

Many persons are unaware of their infection. The disease may be passed unknowingly from one person to another. Fathers and mothers have infected their children in this way. Most tragic of all are its innocent prey, especially babies born with syphilis. Early and competent prenatal care of syphilitic mothers can prevent most cases of congenital syphilis—children born diseased, blind or deaf, or with crippled bodies or minds.

As a rule, syphilis cannot be diagnosed from outward signs alone, because often there are none. The presence of syphilis can be positively determined only by medical examination and laboratory tests. Too frequently its victims appeal to the medical charlatan and the quack who promise speedy and sure cures.

There is no quick nor short-cut method of curing syphilis. Treatments must be regular, usually weekly, for a period of many months. Because obvious signs and symptoms often disappear after a few treatments, many patients consider themselves cured and stop treatments. This may be an irreparable mistake. The full effects of the disease may not appear until years later. Only the doctor, with repeated blood tests as his guide, can determine when a cure has been effected.

Prevention, early diagnosis and thorough treatment will overcome this most dangerous enemy of mankind. Send for a free copy of the Metropolitan booklet, "The Great Imitator." Address Booklet Department 237-L.

* * * *

On February 3rd, 1937, the first National Social Hygiene Day, public health authorities and local organizations all over the country will discuss the control of syphilis. The American Social Hygiene Association, 50 West 50th St., New York, N. Y., will be glad to send literature and full particulars regarding the meetings.

Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, Chairman of the Board LEROY A. LINCOLN, President

ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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PICTURES FROM THE FROZEN NORTH

Alaskan Eskimo Painter Depicts Native Scenes on Sealskin

Eskimos have not been a painting race. According to art authorities, there has never been an Eskimo who even attempted to put oil on canvas. Their art expression has always taken the form of sculpture. Delicate, small objects—mostly hunters or animals that roam the arctic—carved from wood or ivory, have been their sole contribution to the world of art.

Last week, Alaska's first native pictures reached this country in the care of Rockwell Kent, ace American painter best known for his bleak landscapes painted in the frozen north. Kent brought the vanguard of a collection of paintings and drawings by an Alaskan Eskimo, Twok Aden Ahgupuk, which will be exhibited in New York and other cities this spring. The ink drawings and paintings done on soft sealskin, the same pliable leather Eskimos use for shoes and clothing, show a clarity of thought and composition, as well as first rate draftsmanship. In his facial expressions and detail work, Twok uses fine, sure lines, and no trick devices or clichés.

Self-Taught—His work is primitive, inasmuch as Twok is completely self-taught, but Kent would rather refer to it as *genre* painting.

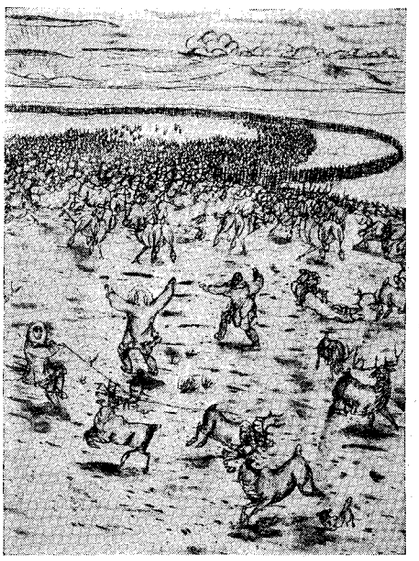
"There are no primitive men, actually, to-day," Kent said, "so there can be no primitive art. Twok's painting is simple, direct and in the manner of Pieter Brueghal, the sixteenth century Dutch painter. If any one wants to call it primitive, it's all right, but irrelevant. But it isn't like early American paintings that have come to be accepted as primitives."

Twok began drawing as a small child, but he himself doesn't know what made him start. Instead of drawing horses or automobiles, as most young children do of their own accord, his first scrawls were of dog teams, seals and bears. At school, where art and art lessons were unknown, he found himself in trouble. His teacher complained that he used too much paper for his sketches, when he should have been saving it for his lessons.

In his early teens Twok had an accident—Kent doesn't know how it happened—that hospitalized him for a year, which he spent amusing himself and other patients with many drawings. The accident left him severely crippled and without the use of his legs. With this handicap he had the additional burden of supporting his widowed mother, a younger brother, and another child related to him. Unable to hunt or fish, the ordinary Eskimo means of self-support, Twok was left to earn his living by the only craft he knew—drawing.

Unappreciated—Not many of the natives were particularly interested in his work, and not one of them thought enough of his drawings to trade even a fish in exchange. Tho his talents brought him no material rewards at first, they did win him a reputation which spread rapidly. From the remote northwestern settlement in which he lives, word finally drifted to Nome that Twok could "make paper fish like real ones."

Tho Kent is Twok's mentor in this country, he was really "discovered" by Mrs. Oliver Weaver, wife of Nome's utility magnate, who introduced him to the painter. She heard of his efforts to make a living and sent word she would like to see his drawings. Amazed at their humor, originality and exquisite qualities, she became his patron in the medieval and substantial sense of the word. She bought several things he had, commissioned him to do more, and gave him the idea for Christmas and other greeting-cards, which were sold to Weaver friends. To-day, no one in Nome would dream of giving a dinner party without having Twok's place-cards on the table. They are as integral a part of the meal as soup.



Wide World, courtesy of Weyhe Gallery

"Into the Corral": detail of a work on bleached sealskin by Alaska's only painter

Wide World

Twok Aden Ahgupuk . . . epic in perception, remarkable in draftsmanship

Mrs. Weaver also supplied paints. Knowing nothing about pigment, Twok guided his palet from examples he saw in magazines and out-of-date art books.

"His painting is technically good but his colors in the beginning were abominable," Kent reports. "He was inspired by the worst type of art. He dropped his own native scenes and attempted portraits and landscapes he believed typical of white man's art. But we've got him over that hurdle and back to his own heath."

Kent tried to get Twok on an Alaskan WPA art project—it would have been the only one-man project in existence. But as eligibility requires going on relief, Kent was unsuccessful. "He insists on being completely independent, and will only accept help if he can give something in exchange."

Like many another artist, Twok is not appreciated on his home ground. Even to-day, when he is more or less a lion in Alaska's cities, no Eskimo home boasts a drawing or painting of his. Instead, according to Kent, they hang "the worst type of religious lithographs and candy-box-cover reproductions. They're like the average American, who will buy any sort of European art, letting native art go begging. What Kansan has ever bought a John Steuart Curry, who paints the Kansas scene with such accurate reality?"

This will all change, Kent hopes, with Twok's acceptance into the American Artists' Group, as a member on equal terms with the outstanding artists in the country. The organization has sent him material for lithographs, and will publish his work in this year's editions of prints.

LAST CZAR: Russian Ruler's Oppressive Life, Tragic Death, Subject of Biography

"Nicholas II: Prisoner of the Purple." By Mohammed Essad-Bey. (New York: Funk & Wagnalls; $3.) 369 pages.

Deep into the wild forests of Siberia, 16½ miles from Ekaterinburg, went a determined man, seeking the truth in a deserted mine-shaft. With a torch he melted the ground, then he dug. From the bottom of the pit he brought icons, precious stones, pieces of clothing, metal parts of six corsets, a set of false teeth, bits of skin and charred bones. The investigator knew the truth. He had uncovered the last remnants of the once proud rulers of Russia—the bones of six corsets, a few scraps of flesh were all that remained of the glory that was Romanof.

It was a long road that Nicholas II, his Empress, four daughters and a hemophiliac son and heir had traveled. For Nicholas it had been the stormy journey of a limited intelligence facing problems that would have stumped Peter the Great.

Fright—First sight of the terror that was to dog and finally end his life came when Nicholas was twelve. As he waited in the Winter Palace of St. Petersburg to go skating, the windows were rocked by an explosion. Almost instantly from the courtyard a group of people came, staggering under a bloody burden. It was the Most Orthodox Czar of All the Russias, Alexander II, badly wounded by a bomb. He was borne to a couch, the doors were shut, and twelve-year-old "Niki" was left outside to stare at the trail of blood. In

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a few minutes, Alexander II was dead and "Niki's" father was Emperor—Alexander III.

Education—Neither the new Emperor nor his son forgot what they had seen. The royal family moved into the safe but dull Gatshina Palace. Young Nicholas, shy and silent, spent his free time looking at the animals in the Royal Zoo. But, for the most part, he was closeted with his teachers: brilliant, unprogressive men, who taught him that as prospective Czar no one mortal could ever question his opinions. So the heir to the throne spent his youth. At seventeen he was declared of age, given the triple oath of Grand Duke, subject and heir to the throne. Oath administered, he became a member of the State Council and received the first annual Grand Ducal allowance of 210,000 rubles.

But young Nicholas was so hesitant about spending his allowance, so timid about venturing outside the Palace, that his father had to send him into the Life-Guard Hussars to be converted into a manly fellow. The Hussars were successful; Nicholas fell in love with a *ballerina*. Then he was sent abroad to forget her.

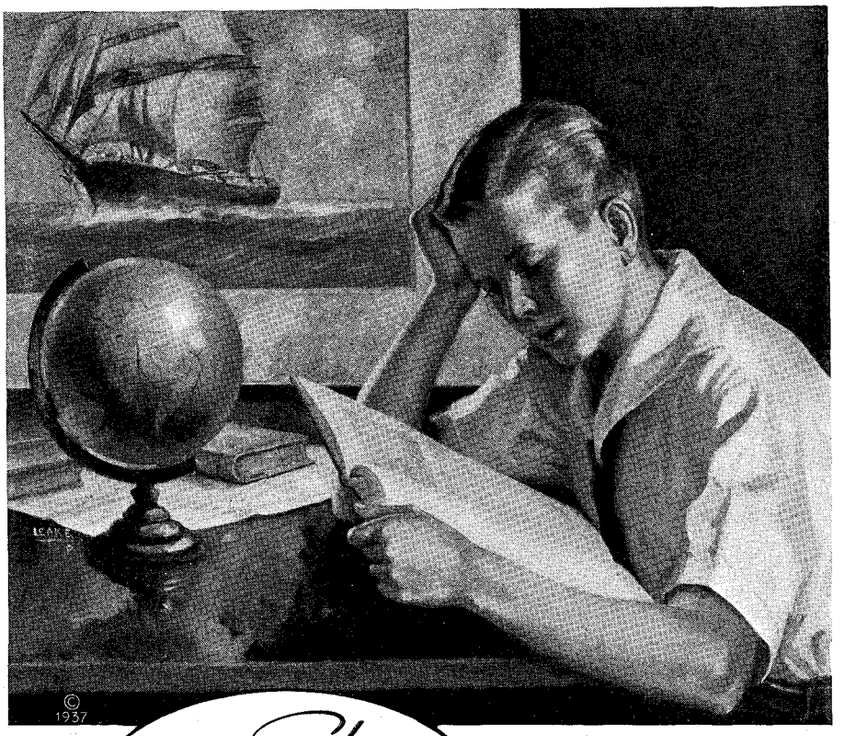
Foreboding—On his journey he encountered a Tibetan *Lama* who studied the Prince's left palm, deciding: "From the funeral of a near male relative, thou wilt go to thine own wedding. Thou art in danger, but thou wilt escape, and if thou completest the fiftieth year of thy life, thou wilt die quietly in thy bed. I see much blood in the lines of thy palm. Therefore, be thou aware that only a good *man* can be a happy *man*."

The prophet spoke truly. In a short time Alexander III was dead from injuries in a train crash and Nicholas was married, much against every one's wishes, to the German Princess Alix. Then the trouble started. When Nicholas celebrated his coronation five thousand peasants were slain because, in enthusiasm, they broke the police cordons. Their fellow muzhiks didn't like that, and disturbances followed for long years. Nicholas saw one Minister of Interior, two Presidents of the Police, one Grand Duke and one Prime Minister assassinated. Every time he went for a train ride, at least two of his attendants were killed. But it didn't impress Nicholas. He muddled through a war with Japan, the Revolution of 1905 and part of the Great War. Finally the resentment and disorganization was so profound that Nicholas and his whole family were slain—before the Emperor's fiftieth birthday.

To author Essad-Bey, Nicholas II is a much misunderstood man. In reality, says Essad-Bey, he was the last of the men who believed in the mystical Little Father relationship to the Russian people. If Nicholas still appears a complete fool after Essad-Bey has finished, it need keep no one from reading the story. In any case, "Nicholas II" is an amazing biography—melodramatic and vivid enough to be a good novel instead of a somber life story.

THUMBING THE BOOKS

McGuffey—"Old Favorites From the McGuffey Readers." Edited by Harvey C. Minnich. "William Holmes McGuffey and His Readers." By Harvey C. Minnich. (American Book Co.; $5 the set.) The man who molded the minds of a whole generation of Americans is here represented for those who would remember



.... Ships DO come in

The child, dreaming of his ship coming in, sees the gleam of fabulous riches, feels upon his slim shoulders the mantle of greatness and power, hears the applause of an admiring throng.

But the man, to whom the years have brought wisdom, knows that it is not of such stuff that happiness is made. He still dreams of his ship coming in, but its cargo is of a simpler and more satisfying sort.

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and reread. McGuffeyites will find "Waste Not, Want Not," "Make Way For Liberty" and all their other favorite pieces.

Middle Class—"The Sound of Running Feet." By Josephine Lawrence. (Frederick Stokes; $2.50.) The author of "If I Have Four Apples" returns with an accurate, stirring picture of the middle class to-day. She has listened carefully to the speech and lives of perplexed Americans, and tho her book reaches no conclusions, it states the problem well.

Bookworm—"A Book Hunter's Holiday." By A. S. W. Rosenbach. (Houghton Mifflin; $4.) Big-game hunting would be tame sport to this famous book-searcher who has in his library some of the rarest specimens in the world. The chase for some of these prizes was long and arduous, lasting sometimes eighteen or twenty years. Doctor Rosenbach succeeds in communicating all the thrill of a long-awaited catch.

Boston Brahman—"The Late George Apley." By John P. Marquand. (Little, Brown; $2.50.) This story, reversing the Santayana formula of "a memoir in the form of a novel" succeeds far better than "The Last Puritan" in portraying the life of an upper-class Bostonian. Author Marquand has written a penetrating study of the Back Bay citizen that deserves a widespread audience.

Boats—"Yacht Racing Rules and Tactics." By Gordon C. Aymar. (Kennedy Brothers; $4.) An invaluable guide for landlubbers on the intricacies of yacht-racing. Done in pictures, this book makes the rule of yacht-racing clear to the most landlocked mind.

War and Peace—"The Final Struggle." By Countess Tolstoy. (Oxford University Press; $2.50.) The wife of the author of "Anna Karenina" records her thoughts during 1910. It was Countess Tolstoy who quarreled so with her husband and his best friend that Tolstoy gloomily said: "Sufferings are necessary for spiritual growth."

Post-War—"Invasion." By Maxence Van der Meersch. (Viking; $3.) Painting the vast canvas of a French town suffering four War years under German rule, Van der Meersch has written a book to stand with "The Case of Sergeant Grischa." In some ways "Invasion" is more moving. It is the tragedy of a whole people turned animal under the pressure of War. Well worth anybody's time and deepest consideration.

Vermont—"Rudyard Kipling in New England." By Howard C. Rice. (Stephen Daye Press; $1.50.) In this well-designed little book the story of the author of "The Jungle Books" in New England is told. Kipling thought the down-east twang something akin to Swedish or Russian, but he liked Yankees just the same. An interesting light on a little known American sojourn.

Naval Battle—"Tsushima." By A. Novikoff-Priboy. (Knopf; $2.50.) For sheer thrill this book has no equal in its description of a modern naval battle. The author was a participant in the fight that destroyed the Russian fleet in the Russo-Japanese war.

Irish—"Parnell: A Biography." By Joan Haslip. (Stokes; $3.) Once more an author struggles to capture the elusive and very dramatic story of John Stewart Parnell, the man who almost obtained home rule for Ireland in the Victorian era. It is the cause of Parnell's defeat that interests the biographers—had John Parnell not loved the scheming Kitty O'Shea, there would have been no opportunity for Gladstone to deny his plea for home rule. But Parnell succumbed to Kitty's dubious charms, and thereby hangs an interesting tale, well retold in this new biography.

Cherry Orchard—"Anton Chekhov." By Princess Toumanova. (Columbia University Press; $3.) A Russian refugee, who ten years ago couldn't speak English, has mastered the adopted tongue sufficiently to write a discerning interpretation of one

Essad-Bey: his facts read like fiction

of Russia's great masters—the man who portrayed the decline of the middle class intellectuals in the period before the 1917 revolution.

Return—"Lancer at Large." By Major F. Yeats-Brown. (Viking; $2.75.) The Bengal lancer went back to India fifteen years after his first visit, covered in "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," to observe the changes in the country. He found women quietly directing the course of events, some progressive rulers and some very corrupt ones. All in all, he still believes in the white man's burden.

Controversy—"Bernard Shaw, Frank Harris and Oscar Wilde." By Robert Sherard. (Greystone Press; $3.50.) A slightly hysterical and far from lucid review of the whole Frank Harris—Oscar Wilde controversy. Harris, nearing poverty, wrote a sensational biography of Wilde that sold widely. Author Sherard, friend of Wilde, steps up to say it isn't so, and add a little fuel to a dying fire.

De Medici—"Catherine de Medici and the Lost Revolution." By Ralph Roeder. (Viking; $3.75.) The daughter of Lorenzo the Magnificent provides suitable material for author Roeder to weave a vivid tale of a Queen of France who suppressed a revolution and lived one of the most colorful, cruel lives of history.

The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

easy, easier, easily.—"R. S. S.," Raymond, Calif.—Records do not show how old the adage, "Easier said than done," may be, but as far back as 1564 occurs the sentence, "This thyng is *easyer* saide of you, then proued." Proverbs, like idioms, have a way of confuting the grammarians. *Easy, easier,* and *easiest* have been used as adverbs since early times. A number of such usages are to be found in Shakespeare alone; for instance: "Love's Labour's Lost" (act v, sc. 1, l. 45): "Thou art *easier* swallowed than a flap-dragon"; "Merchant of Venice" (act i, sc. 2, l. 17): "I can *easier* teach twenty what were good to be done"; "Macbeth" (act ii, sc. 4, l. 38): "Lest our old robes sit *easier* than our new." Among other adverbial users are: Spenser, Tucker, Byron, Smiles, Steele, Keats, and Mrs. Stowe.

Some grammarians now condemn the use of *easy* as an adverb. One wonders why when our literature is so full of such usages; but despite their dicta, the adage, "*Easier* said than done," is still correct, and may justly be used as well as, "More *easily* said than done."

gang up on (to).—"M. J. L.," New Haven, Conn.—The expression, "to gang up on," is current slang, and, as with most slang, its original source can not be determined. The slang dictionaries define the expression as, "to combine against." Its popular use, even in polite speech, makes it impossible to identify any particular individual who may have used the expression in a public utterance.

Norwich, Thames, Greenwich.—"J. McC.," New York City.—The pronunciations of *Norwich* and *Thames* vary in the different countries where they are spoken. The name of the English city in Norfolk is pronounced *nor'ich.* That of the American city in Connecticut is indiscriminately pronounced *nor'wich* or *nor'ich.* In England, the *o* has the sound of *o* in *not;* in America, the *o* has the sound of *o* in *nor.*

The name of the English river *Thames* is pronounced as if it were spelled *temz,* in which the *e* has the sound of *e* in *pen.* The river in Connecticut is as frequently pronounced *thamz* (*a* as in *fame,* and *th* as in *think*), as it is *temz.* Sometimes one hears it pronounced *tames.*

One other name is frequently the source of disagreement in the United States, and that is the district of London known as *Greenwich.* In England this is always pronounced as if spelled *grin'ij,* which is the equivalent of *grinidge;* but in the United States the name of the town in Connecticut is pronounced either *green'witch* or *grin'itch,* or occasionally *gren'itch,* and the same variations are given to this name wherever used in our country. However, if we cross the border into Canada, we find there that the pronunciation used in England has been transplanted from the British Isles to the Canadian Dominion.

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Parade

Among the minor crises of the Washington season, none has been raging so bitterly during the past six months as the powder puff campaign in the Press Galleries of the House and Senate of the U. S. Congress. Altho only fifteen of the acknowledged thirty-one female correspondents in the nation's Capitol are admitted to the galleries, all fought for the right to have an exclusive room where they could dab and "prettify" for the edification of the governing body at large.

Senators and Congressmen took sides, the Washington Newspaper Guild backed the feminine scriveners; $7,000 was appropriated for press gallery remodeling to oblige the ladies. Women correspondents were jubilant. It was their second big victory, first of which was the right to gallery admittance.

Chiefly responsible for the powder puff triumph were Ruby Black, militant Lucy Stoner, wife of Herbert Little of Scripps-Howard, *confidant* of Anna Eleanor Roosevelt, occasional U. P. feature writer; Elizabeth May Craig, veteran correspondent for New England dailies; and Ruth Finney, Scripps-Howard's ace Congress correspondent and wife of Robert S. Allen.

* * *

André Kostelantz, radio and concert orchestra conductor, was honored by four air-transport companies with a silver loving cup for having traveled more than 126,000 miles by plane in 1936. This also qualified him for the title of "No. 1 Air Traveler." The musician spent 675 hours, or twenty-eight days and three hours in the air. Most of this occurred during thirteen weeks when he was scoring a motion-picture in Hollywood, conducting radio programs in New York. Unofficially, it was admitted inspiration for Kostelantz's air travels came from desire to see his fiancée, Lily Pons, as often as possible.

* * *

First star to be developed by the reorganized, rejuvenated Universal Film Company is **Deanna Durbin,** fourteen-year-old radio starlet, sponsored by Eddie Cantor. After one film, "Three Smart Girls," the girl was given a nation-wide publicity campaign, lived up to expectation through personal appearances. Born in Canada, Miss Durbin was coached vocally by Andres De Segurola, former Metropolitan Opera baritone. She hopes to enter opera *via* movies. Universal's second star slated for exploitation nationally is Doris Nolan, former Broadway actress.

Doris Nolan gives 14-year-old Deanna Durbin a few pointers on make-up

* * *

"All the people I admire," says **Cecil Beaton,** international photographer-painter, "are a bit puffy under the eyes. To be beautiful to-day, really beautiful, you must have a very large mouth, high cheek bones, unashamed laugh wrinkles and a blunt or upturned nose. It's the look of the original clown, the mask of the eternal clown. The Duke of Kent has it. Fred Astaire has it. Gertrude Lawrence has it. The Marx Brothers have it. All really attractive people have it."

* * *

Altho a course in humor is listed in the syllabus of the University of Florida, it will not be an intensive study of radio jokes, burlesque wheezes or wise-cracks. "Slapstick comedy doubtless makes life more pleasant," commented **Prof. W. E. Moore,** "but this course is concerned with the more intellectual forms of humor."

* * *

"I'm still a rebel against conventions," asserted **Ellen Glasgow,** novelist. She criticized a "strong emphasis of nullity in much of the current writing," saying that "too many well-thought-of modern novels sound as if they had issued from mere windy emptiness. The mood, if not the manner, of revolution," she added, "is the most fertile soil for ideas."

* * *

"People think," moaned **Jean Harlow,** screen actress, "that because I play—well, uneducated rôles—on the screen that I don't know which fork to use. And they think I don't speak the King's English—well, anyway English. It's very discouraging, but I don't suppose it matters."

* * *

Dr. Albert R. Van Dusen, former Syracuse University Professor of Sociology, maintains the depression has made wives "unusually tender and considerate of their husbands in trouble. While in normal times the old adage 'when poverty comes in the door love goes out the window,' has held true," he said, "the depression has brought out the great capability of men and women to adjust themselves to lower incomes."

* * *

"Most people travel so they can talk about it," commented **Burton Holmes,** lecturer. "I talk about it so I can travel more. I started when I was just a young lad, and became a travel lecturer because I wanted to see the world. I had a camera and a travel log. The result was travelogs. The one place I haven't seen is South Africa."

* * *

"Whenever some one wants to do something new or different, the people whose position would be weakened by the success of the new venture seek to discredit it by labeling it Communist," believes **Man Ray,** American photographer and painter. The artist, resident of Paris for sixteen years, is now on a visit to this country. "What difference is there between putting furs on inanimate objects or on women?" he asked, defending an exhibit in the Surrealist Art Exhibition.

They often go hand in hand —winter discomforts and *low general resistance!*

If you think back at past winters, you'll probably recall that January and February have always been months of special hazard for you. You've had to be extremely cautious not to be affected by winter discomforts.

Newer scientific facts help to explain why. You find it more difficult to keep well in these particular months, because it's the time of year when your *general resistance* is likely to be low!

The sensible thing for you to do this winter is not to wait until you're made uncomfortable, but to prepare yourself ahead! Use certain measures *while you are well* which help you remain in good health. *Adex* may prove an invaluable aid.

Each Adex tablet or capsule supplies Vitamin A, which contributes more directly than any other vitamin to good general resistance; also Vitamin D, the "sunshine" vitamin so necessary these dreary days.

Both vitamins—A and D—are taken only from rich *natural* sources, such as good cod and halibut liver oil.

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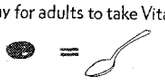

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Wings

U. S. "AERIAL PROGRESS ON PARADE"

Advancement During Seven Years Revealed at Aviation Show

For civil aviators, helmets and goggles are as out of date as linen dusters, veils and goggles for motorists. To-day's commercial pilots wear natty blue pea-jackets, tilt peaked caps at jaunty angles as they guide giant air-liners from inside glass-enclosed cockpits.

A yardstick on the seven-league progress of American aeronautics during the last seven years was handed to an air-conscious nation this week-end. At the Grand Central Palace, New York City, visitors to the National Aviation Show see the transition from stiff leather to snug blue serge. Exhibits continue until February 6.

Seven years ago, 417,505 Americans flew 103,747,249 miles in noisy, drafty transport-planes which jolted along in bumpy skies at low altitudes. Last year, 1,140,000 passengers flew 430,000,000 miles in sound-proofed, air-conditioned cabins. To talk to a neighbor, the traveler didn't have to hang over his ear and shout to drown out roaring motors.

Seven years ago, air-travelers munched cold sandwiches, washed them down with tepid coffee at the air-port quick-lunch. To-day, they revel in full-course dinners, piping hot, with plate and linen as fine as at home. Seven years ago, there were no hostesses or stewards on air-liners; to-day, there are 270 stewardesses and fifty-eight stewards on the nation's network of airways.

Transition—In 1930, trimotored Fords, Fokkers and Stinsons carried twelve passengers, cruised at 110 miles an hour. To-day, Douglas transports scud along at 200 miles an hour with twenty-one passengers, stewardess and two pilots or fourteen overnight travelers who sleep in Pullman-like berths. In 1930, the most powerful aeromotor rated 575 horse-power; to-day, there are 1,220 horse-power radial engines weighing 1.1 pounds per horse-power, compared with 1.5 pounds seven years ago.

All that typifies this year's Show's slogan: "Aerial Progress on Parade." Greater indication of the transition from open-cockpit biplanes to sealed-cabin monoplanes is the seven-league hop in private flying.

There are 2,000 civil air-planes, as distinguished from military types, based on fields in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Pennsylvania. These are used in daily business as well as flown merely for sport and instruction.

Sky Parade—On the afternoon preceding the Show's opening, 400 commercial aircraft from these fields are to darken Manhattan skies in a "Sky Parade," largest civil flight ever seen in the East. Operating at predesignated levels and differing speeds to avoid crashes, there were to be aircraft ranging from tiny powered gliders to *de luxe* "flying offices," open-cockpit sport-planes, luxuriously fitted cabin ships, flying-machines, old and new.

While civilian flying zooms, this Show presents two trends in plane design:

1. Monoplanes predominate in all price-classes, the two of the speediest planes offered are biplane jobs; all but three of the thirty aircraft offered for sale have enclosed cabins.

Wide World

Cylinders for to-day's 1,220 h.-p. engines

2. Flotation gear is more popular, indicating that sportsman-pilots and flying business men are using seaplane bases more and more for taking off and landing, particularly in the East.

In any case, manufacturers believe the day of the seaplane and amphibion has arrived. A standard-make amphibion is offered for $5,000. More costly is a luxurious, all-metal amphibion built of stainless steel, non-corrosive alloy 10 per cent. lighter than duralumin.

Planes powered with conventional automotive engines make their bow in the $1,-500-$3,500 price-class. A stock V-8 engine, same as that driven by 3,000,000 motorists, powers a two-seater, open-cockpit job selling for $1,500, using ordinary automobile gasoline. It crossed the continent at ninety miles an hour, flying fifteen miles to the gallon of fuel.

Autogyro—Another contribution in the experimental field which gives promise of future use in private flying is the "roadable" autogyro. The pilot may take his "windmill-plane" out of the garage, and, with its rotors folded back, taxi along the highway at thirty miles an hour to the nearest hay-field, there to take off and skreel along at 100 miles an hour.

More expensive planes introduce refinements in sound-proofing, two-way radiophone communication, radio compasses and other advances insuring greater safety.

Just as in the National Automobile Show last fall, safety is the key-note of the Aviation Show. There are Bureau of Air Commerce statistics to prove that the passenger on a regular air-line is twice as

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safe as he is driving his own automobile. Tho forty-five travelers lost their lives last year in accidents to scheduled air-liners operating over established air-ways, statistics of leading casualty and surety companies show that if a traveler goes 10,000 miles by established air-lines, the odds against his being killed in 1937 are 1,800 to 1.

At the Aviation Show, the Bureau of Air Commerce has an enlightening exhibit displaying its work in promoting increasing use of aircraft with greater safety through its network of 2,342 air-ports and emergency landing-fields, 28,874 miles of air-ways lighted every ten or twenty miles and dotted with 130 radio stations and 119 radio beacons.

Terminal—Newark Metropolitan Airport shows how aerial traffic is handled with safety and dispatch in the world's busiest air-terminal. There, 130 departures and arrivals a day is just ordinary routine. On an average afternoon, at 4 o'clock, nine, ten or eleven planes come in one after the other, convincing laymen that every one is flying.

A miniature copy of the control-tower, where two dispatchers constantly are on the job, is displayed with actual operations transmitted direct from the air-port tower by telephone. Through a loud-speaker, the voices of Newark controllers are heard as they direct take-offs and landings of the vast fleet of transports arriving and departing on the tarmac from the four points of the compass.

Among the accessory displays are gadgets galore that help to make flying safer—such complicated devices as directional gyros, wing de-icers, models of radio beams and variable-pitch propellers.

The National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, which operates the world's greatest research laboratories for solving aerodynamic problems, is represented by a fascinating series of miniature working models of the Langley Field "house of wonders."

There are wind-tunnels, spin-tunnels and other testing apparatus showing how planes are designed and stream-lined, heretofore seen only by privileged aeronautical engineers.

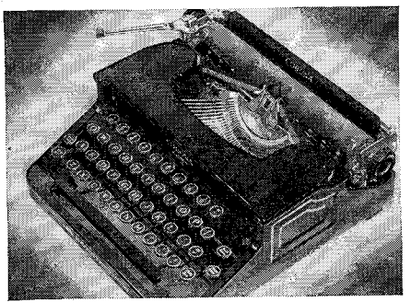
Transcontinental and Western Air's "Overweather" plane, now investigating high-altitude flight at 30,000 to 35,000 feet, is on display. In it, Lieut. Com. Daniel W. ("Tommy") Tomlinson points to the not-far-distant day when transports will fly in the constant sunlight of the frozen substratosphere, establishing new speeds through thin air five and six miles up.

All this engineering progress makes transport flying infinitely safer than typical non-flying citizens realize. When planes crash, it is nine out of ten that the man at the joy-stick made a mistake.

Experience, training and skill of pilots alone is a long story, best summed up by the record of one line picked at random—United Air Lines—whose flying staff includes forty-five with average experience of 7,000 hours, or almost a million miles each.

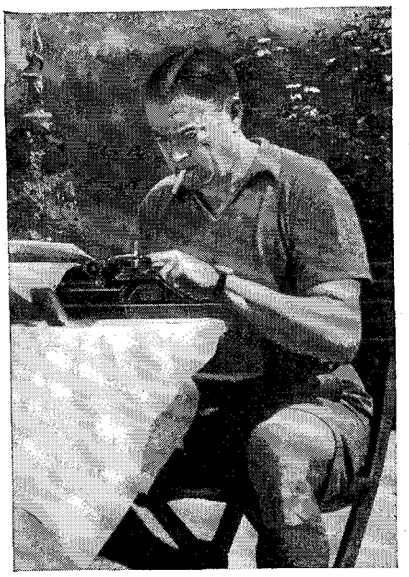
Visitors at the Show will see veterans, too—the Early Birds. A quarter-century ago, they wore helmets and goggles and, every time they went aloft in a box-kite crate, took their lives in their hands. Their mark of distinction as pioneers is a loud black-and-white checked cap, worn with visor reversed. Daredevil garb is out of place on the air-lanes to-day.

"I have had three Coronas. The first I more or less kept alive on during the two years I spent in the woods . . . .



1937 SPEED MODEL CORONA

"In Bombay I got this one, the one on which I wrote the TRANSGRESSOR. I am writing a novel on it down here in Yugoslavia at the moment."



NEGLEY FARSON *Author of "The Way of a Transgressor"*

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SCOOTING FASTER THAN THE WIND

Thrills and Phenomenal Speed Are Features of Ice-Boating

"Fast as the wind," time-honored cliché denoting superspeed, makes ice-boat sailors yawn.

For ice-boats, fleetest non-mechanical craft known to man, can race along two or three times faster than the wind propelling them.

Crouched low in the basket cockpit of a skeleton-like "boat," with the ice grinding past, only inches away, at sixty or seventy miles an hour, and the windward runner wavering six or seven feet in air, the sensation of terrifying speed is multiplied almost indefinitely.

Race—This week, while Eastern skippers impatiently awaited freezing weather to start the first race for the brand-new Eastern Championship Ice-Boat Pennant of America over a fifteen-mile course at Rumson, New Jersey, an ever-expanding coterie of Americans was swooping and darting across ice-bound lakes and rivers from Maine to Washington with all the enthusiasm of, and far more recklessness than, open-water yachtsmen.

True, most of the skippers are experienced water sailors. But, aside from the fact that both are dependent upon wind, sailing on ice and water are vastly different propositions.

For one thing, ice-boats' sails are always close-hauled, even when going before the wind. If the sail were let out, like a boat running free on water, an ice-boat could not at best go faster than the wind pushing it.

Actually, the wind pushing the sail is responsible for only one-third of the total speed. The rest comes from a vacuum on the other side of the sail which pulls the boat along.

Record—On smooth ice, with friction at a minimum and a hefty breeze blowing, the one-third push and two-thirds pull have sent ice-boats scooting along at phenomenal speeds. In 1908, Commodore Elisha West Price, who died last October at eighty-three, sailed Walyer Content's *Clarel* 140 miles an hour, then a world record for any sort of conveyance and still the fastest clip ever clocked for an ice-boat. Speeds of more than 100 miles an hour are not unusual.

Handling an ice-boat at such a pace is a ticklish business. Usually it takes a crew of two. The sheet man, in charge of sails, sits up; the tiller man, or skipper, lies down on one elbow and steers over his shoulder.

An ordinary sailboat can take the wind by heeling comfortably into the water. But when even a comparatively mild breeze hits the taut canvas of an ice-boat, it lifts the windward runner high off the ice, an exciting development known as "hiking."

Spins—Stronger blasts tend to push the mast forward and lift the rear, or rudder runner, as well. The consequence is a series of high-speed spins, somewhat similar to an air-plane's ground loop, which may send the crew slithering across the ice 100 feet or more. In a mile-a-minute race, spinning, or "flickering," is a disconcerting maneuver.

Thin ice is, of course, another hazard for the heavy boats. But the courses are carefully inspected. And, unless the thin ice zone is too big, the boat's tremendous speed will probably carry it over safely.

Since 1790, when an unknown experimenter mounted runners, mast and sail to a box and proceeded to astonish spectators, and himself, with his fast progress over the Hudson River near Poughkeepsie, New York, the development of ice-boating has been almost exclusively an American saga.

The world's principal centers for the sport are in the Eastern and Midwestern United States, and in Canada. In the East, New Jersey's Shrewsbury River, where the first three-cornered boat made its début in 1855, is tops. Menominee, Michigan, and Lake Mendota, in Wisconsin, are Midwestern hot spots for ice yachtsmen.

Design—Until recently, ice-boat design underwent virtually no changes for seventy years. The conventional boat is made of spruce timbers, stream-lined wherever possible. Runners, built like ice skates of stainless steel topped with aluminum, are mounted at each end of the cross-beam. A third runner, smaller and equipped with a tiller, is fastened to the stern as a rudder.

Ice-boats are either sloop-rigged (jib-sail and mainsail) or cat-rigged (mainsail, well forward). Sail area is the only thing that counts in classifying them.

Rules—Under rules of the Northwestern Ice Yachting Association, most active and important governing body for the sport in this country, Class A boats, the largest, are limited to 350 square feet of sail; Class B to 250; and Class C to 175. Lengths range from 24 to 36 feet.

Ice yachts don't have to confine themselves to racing in their own class. In regattas, they can race against larger craft. But never in classes of smaller sail area.

The Stuart International Cup and the Hearst International Cup, ice-boat racing's leading classics, have their own maximum sail limitations. Hearst Cup contenders can't carry more than 450 square feet; Stuart Cup boats are held down to 650.

The major change in ice-boat design has taken place within the past six years. In the new type, the rudder is placed in the bow instead of in the stern, its conventional location for eighty years.

Menace—Throughout ice-boating's history, spinning has been the No. 1 menace. To prevent it, weights were often placed on the ends of the planks over the runners.

The best solution was discovered six years ago, in Wisconsin, when Starke Meyer, of the Northwestern Ice-Boat Association, rebuilt his 250-square-footer, *Paula*, with its rudder in the bow. Always in contact with the ice, the rudder was easier to handle and prevented the boat from being blown out of control.

From this idea, a new, smaller type ice-boat, called a "skeeter," has been developed. Skeeters are limited to 75 square feet of canvas, range from 12 to 15 feet long, and generally carry masts 18 feet high.

C boats average around $275; B boats, $800, and A craft, $1,050. But skeeters can be bought at $165 to $250. Second-hand, they run from $50 to $125. You can use your Star Boat sails instead of buying new ones.

Scooter—Not so fast, but far less easily discouraged by occasional patches of open water, is another type of small ice-boat developed nearly sixty years ago on Long Island: the scooter.

Originally a flat-bottomed duck-boat equipped with runners and a small mainsail, and mainly propelled with long poles or oars, the modern scooter has a spoon-bowled bottom, is capable of sixty-mile-an-hour speeds.

Designed by Capt. Wilbur R. Corwin, "Father of the Scooter," the jib, first of its type to use a jib-sail, came into prominence through notable rescue work on the Atlantic Ocean off Bellport, Long Island,

Wide World

Sheet man and tiller man . . . ticklish ice-boats require their combined talents

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and is this winter entering its fifty-fifth year of active service.

The scooter has four beveled runners. An ordinary ice-boat, skidding into open water, will sink. The scooter just keeps on going until it meets hard water again.

BASKETBALL: Muddle Follows Lack of Clear-cut Championship College Quintet

Almost as hopelessly confused as the 1936 football season, which ended with no undefeated, clear-cut claimant to a national championship, intercollegiate basketball hit the half-way point last week with even less prospect of producing a team unmistakably labeled "best in the country."

With inter-League, inter-Conference and intersectional upsets embarrassing sports prognosticators from Coast to Coast, and with varying methods of play and interpretation of rules nullifying comparative record charts, the 1936-'37 basketball season will have to content itself by awarding strictly local titles.

Upsets—Hot after its first national recognition, Long Island University's Blackbirds met disappointment the night before New Year's eve when a jocular Stanford (California) team peppered the glass backboards in New York City's Madison Square Garden with shots from every angle, outscored their hosts, 45 to 31, and ended a forty-three-game winning streak which started in 1935.

Another previously undefeated Eastern team, Syracuse, distinguished by having a solid representation of "S" men on one of its two varsity line-ups (Capt. John Simonaitis, Ed Sonderman, Bob Stewart, John Schroeder and Wilmeth Sidat-Singh, only Hindu player in American college circles), lost last week to thrice-beaten Notre Dame, 52 to 31. The following night of the New York State team's Midwestern *safari* brought another defeat, 36 to 30, from Michigan State.

Penn Leads—No. 1 choice for the venerable Eastern Intercollegiate League championship, which it has won eleven times, is Pennsylvania, undefeated by last week in five games. Strongest competition for the Quakers will come from Columbia, 1936 champions, and Yale, whose line-up includes garrulous Larry Kelley, head-line-inspiring football captain and end. Harvard, Princeton, Dartmouth and Cornell, each defeated at least twice, are virtually out of the running.

Less clearly defined is the younger Eastern Conference standing. A generous preseason favorite, Pittsburgh, whose football team last fall established what experts considered a record by losing, 2 to 0, to little Duquesne, took a 3-point basketball trimming from thrice-defeated Georgetown. Still far from settled, the Eastern Conference title may go to any one of five teams (Penn State, Pitt, Carnegie Tech, Temple or West Virginia).

Midwest—In the Midwest, Kansas, defending the Big Six Conference championship it has won five of the eight seasons since the league was created out of the old Missouri Valley alliance (First: 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1936; second: 1930, 1935; tied for fifth: 1929), by last week was leading the parade with two victories and no defeats. Oklahoma and Nebraska, both defeated once, were in line for second place, with Kansas State, Missouri and Iowa State less likely threats.

In the powerful Western (Big Ten) Conference, Purdue, cochampion with Indiana last year, annoyed experts who picked it to lone wolf this year's title, by winning the first four and then losing, 37 to 38, to less highly touted Illinois.

Facing a six-team dog fight with Illinois, Michigan, Ohio State, Minnesota and Indiana, Purdue probably will get none too serious competition from the other four Conference members: Northwestern, Iowa, Wisconsin and Chicago. Unless the experts are wrong again.

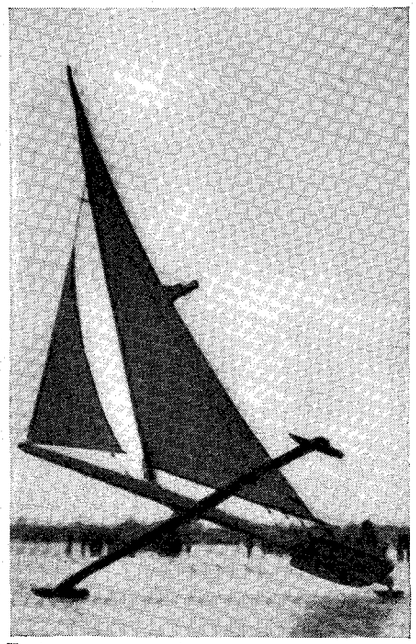
Rocky Mountain—Winner of the Rocky Mountain Conference title for the past two years, Dick Romney's Utah State team last week traveled East on a barnstorming tour, leaving the League's Western Division in a four-way tie with Utah, Brigham Young University and Montana State.

Colorado University, which finished sixth in the eight-team Eastern Division of the Conference last year, was tops last week over Greeley State, Western State, Denver, Wyoming (1936 Division champions), Colorado College, Colorado Mines and Colorado State.

Pacific Coast—In the Pacific Coast Conference, likewise split into two divisions (Northern: Washington, Oregon State, Washington State, Oregon, Idaho; Southern: Southern California, Stanford, California, U.C.L.A.), Stanford backers saw brilliant prospects of a repeat championship. The Stanford Indians won their first eleven games, two of them from Conference teams, scoring 567 points to their opponents' 339.

Distinguished primarily by the absence of the University of Virginia, which dropped out this winter after fifteen years, and the first basketball appearance of six new member schools (Wake Forest, Furman, Richmond, Davidson, The Citadel, William and Mary), the Southern Conference last week was paced by Duke, undefeated in its first seven games, and North Carolina State, equally successful in five. Only other undefeated team last week was Washington and Lee.

Tops in the thirteen-team Southeastern Conference last week were Mississippi State, Mississippi, Georgia Tech, Auburn, Tennessee.



Keystone

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Salesman on job same day thanks to Absorbine Jr.

WRITES Salesman J. R.,* of New Rochelle, N. Y., "I went out to start the car one zero morning and the engine was so stiff the starter wouldn't budge it. I got out and cranked and wrenched my back so badly I thought the pain would keep me in bed for days. But my wife rubbed in Absorbine Jr. at once and after a few applications I was ready to go out and sell my prospect."

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**Based on actual letter in our files*

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MOODY, GREAT AMERICAN EVANGELIST

Centenary Recalls Teachings, Tactics of Early Revivalist

Last summer, the Rev. E. Stanley Jones, fifty-two, an American Methodist missionary who is known as the Holy Sage in India, prayed for three months in the Himalayas to condition himself, hustled back home to lead from September to December the great National Preaching Mission, No. 1 religious event of 1936.

In a revivalistic *tour de force,* Doctor Jones, a dark, smiling ex-Baltimorean, and his team-mates geared their sales psychology to modern go-getting speed and pep. One after the other, they took twenty-five cities by storm, left the rich promise of the Gospel ringing in the ears of thousands of converts among the estimated grand audience of 2,000,000.

From it Doctor Jones emerged as the premier evangelist of the United States. Technique employed: a rationalistic-educational appeal in contrast to old-time mass emotionalism served up with sawdust-trail and platform acrobatics. Holding himself to one spot, Doctor Jones wooed his converts with an earnest, well-modulated voice, marshaling his facts with professorial English and Socratic logic and conviction.

Last week, most of the Christian world began to mark the centenary of the prototype of Doctor Jones—as well as of Billy Sunday, Gipsy Smith, Aimee Semple McPherson and dozens of other revivalists—the immortal Dwight L. Moody, most powerful spiritual figure of the last century.

Savior—A Methodist St. George making Christ as Savior the spear-head of his thundering assaults against Satan, Moody traveled more than 1,000,000 miles here and abroad, harangued 100,000,000 persons, personally prayed with 750,000 sinners. Behind him when he died in 1899 he left the far-famed Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, the Northfield, Mass., Seminary for Girls, the near-by Mount Hermon School for Boys, and the annual summer Northfield Bible Conferences. Said Gamaliel Bradford, the historian: "He looked in the face more men than any other man who ever lived, and reduced the population of hell by a million souls."

Born on February 5, 1837, in East Northfield, Mass., Moody grew up a mischievous, independent farm boy. Once he posted a notice of an important temperance meeting, watched with puckish glee from a distance as crowds poured into the town hall with its empty rostrum. Another time, he put a cat in Cæsar's coffin during a local play, winked at companions as the animal jumped out during the famed Funeral Oration.

At seventeen Moody got a job in his uncle's shoe shop in Boston on condition he attend church and Sunday school. "Converted," he mixed religious zeal with worldly ambitions, and soon after moved to Chicago, where he became a prosperous salesman. Selling religion, too, he offered to teach in a Methodist Sunday school, dragged in eighteen street urchins when told he could teach any new pupils. Soon he had his own school in a tough Chicago purlieu.

Confident of the Lord's power to provide, Moody in 1860 gave up business to devote himself entirely to religion. He gained a national reputation among the soldiers at the front during the War Between the States, headed Chicago's Y.M.-C.A. in early Reconstruction years; and, altho unordained, built a non-sectarian church out of his slum mission. With Ira D. Sankey, the hymn writer and singer, he made a national revivalistic campaign which took them thrice to England (1873-'75, 1881-'83, 1891-'92).

His business training made him a keen, careful bargainer, a magnificent master of money.

Layman—Always a layman, first and last an intense individualist, Moody based his success on a surpassing devotion, a deep sympathy and understanding of fellow man, and a practical grasp of religious needs. His sermons were simple, colloquial, full of point. Sometimes, he used bad English and grammar. When a critic once pointed this out, he retorted: "I am doing all I can for God with the gifts I have. Are you?"

Dwight L. Moody: "reduced the population of hell by a million souls"

Characteristic of him was to begin his sermon slowly, warm up with piquant illustrations, plenty of anecdotes, his voice far-carrying, distinct.

Stricken ill in December, 1899, after an evangelistic foray in Kansas City, the great man died at his home in Northfield, murmuring: "Earth is receding, heaven approaching; God is calling me."

Evangelism stresses the objective atonement of Christ, and the need of a new birth and salvation through faith; got its start in 1737. Originator was John Wesley, sweet singer of Methodism.

One of Moody's most significant campaigns was during the 1893 Chicago World's Fair. Holding his meetings in Forepaugh's circus tent, he flashed his unfailing sense of humor in putting them over to the public. Typical ad: "Ha! Ha! Ha! Three Big Shows! Moody in the Morning—Forepaugh in the Afternoon and Evening."

Almost coincidentally, the wave of revivalism swept over the New World. First to lead the movement was the Congregationalist Jonathan Edwards. Called the "Great Awakening," it lasted from 1734-'90. Second great comber was the "Great Revival of the West," or the "Kentucky Revival," from 1797-1805.

Jubilee—Last week, Chattanooga, Tennessee, began the first of a series of world-wide ceremonies in honor of Evangelist Moody. And before the sun sets on February 7, similar ceremonies will have been held in fifty other American cities, twenty European cities. Main observances are scheduled for Chicago. Daily, all next week, inspirational services are to take place at the Chicago Bible Institute, and at the Coliseum of the same city a choral service by 1,500 voices will punctuate addresses by fifteen national speakers. On February 7, Moody Day, 1,500 churches in every one of the United States and seventeen foreign countries plan special rites.

Ceremonies at the Bible Institute will be, to many a Moody admirer, particularly significant. The Institute is regarded as his greatest work. Founded in 1886, it started with two buildings, boasts thirty-seven to-day. Among the fifteen courses given are those on missions and prophecy. Since the beginning students have totaled 121,000. Sixty thousand have taken the $8 Gray's Synthetic Bible Course. Students study along for years, often reach a 15,000 enrolment. To-day correspondence and radio courses have added a thousand students. President to-day is W. H. Houghton, forty-five, a six-foot, gentle-voiced Bostonian.

Product—The work done by the Institute is almost incalculable. It has more than 2,000 graduates in the mission field. Most celebrated graduate: J. R. Smith, evangelist to the Navajo Indians for forty years. Last week, as plans went forward for the centennial program, officials studied an evangelistic campaign in Red Russia. To this end the Institute announced a special course in Russian.

As part of the centenary celebration, the Institute launched in Philadelphia on January 3 the first of forty-five great metropolitan Bible conferences. They will extend throughout February. Meetings also are being held in England, Scotland, Wales.

Climaxing the celebration will be special services at all the Northfield summer conferences. From June 21 to 25, Dr. John R. Mott, World Christian Movement leader, is scheduled to hold a Council on "Christian Evangelism of Our Day." Ceremonies are slated through to the closing days, August 13-14-15. In charge of all centenary activities is the Rev. Dr. Paul Dwight Moody, son of the founder, who is head of Middlebury College.

Revivals have the odd historical fact: they rarely last longer than the active period of the chief revivalist's activity—ten to twenty years. And, as an ironic corollary, they invariably are followed by a moral decline. Last week, Moody centennial officials were fully aware of this when they expressed a hope that these celebrations will spur a new spiritual "quickening" in the near future.

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Topics in Brief

THERE ARE, to-day, twenty-three different varieties of treason under German law. And naming that *dachshund* Adolf is no longer considered funny.—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

THREE of four cats that inherited part of a $25,000 estate in San Francisco have disappeared. Probably afraid of being pestered by persons wishing to help them spend it.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

THIS CIVILIZATION can't last because it doesn't make sense, says a writer of fiction. Just the thing, we should imagine, that would interest a writer of fiction.—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

THE FIRST CASE of real insomnia we ever heard of is reported by the *Hiawatha World,* which quotes a woman as saying that she can't even sleep when it is time to get up.—*Topeka State Journal.*

THESE English-speaking countries are peculiar. The most popular American had to quit the United States and the most popular Englishman had to quit England.—*Daily Oklahoman (Oklahoma City).*

SIT-DOWN strikers at a Flint, Michigan, auto-parts works say they have been able to triple their numbers through open windows. At the same time they demand a closed shop.—*Arkansas Gazette (Little Rock).*

SOCIAL life is important in diplomatic circles. Formal restraints are necessary in order to permit conversational relations and it would be obviously impossible to mention debts at a party.—*Washington Evening Star.*

THE Chicago *Tribune* opens up an old subject by asking why they put holes in Swiss cheese when it is limburger that needs ventilating. Who knows how Swiss cheese would smell if it were not ventilated?—*Detroit Free Press.*

QUICK COMMUNICATION is a great thing these days. For example, it was borne to our ears a few hours after it happened that the Duke of Windsor had a Scotch and soda and played nine-pins one day last week.—*Portland Express.*

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE believes some sort of compromise can be worked out between the "security" and "free opportunity" schools of thought. We should be permitted to scale the Alps, but handrails will be provided.—*Barron's.*

DOCTORS took half as much money from the people last year as automobiles, we are told, but the doctors needn't be too independent. They wouldn't have got it if the automobiles hadn't thrown so much business their way.—*Lynchburg News.*

MRS. ROOSEVELT says t' at five-months-old Elliott Roosevelt, Jr., is the most responsive baby she has ever seen—"he smiles broadly at every one and never cries when strangers approach him." It's the inherent and congenital politician in him, Mummy.—*Arkansas Gazette (Little Rock).*

SAN REMO and RAPALLO on the LIGURIAN RIVIERA hail Italy's favorite season with violets, mimosa and camellias . . . follow their fragrant scent to NAPLES, PALERMO, TAORMINA, stopping on the way at FLORENCE, where the MUSICAL MAY festivals, known and dear to music-lovers the world over, will be glorified by the celebrations of Giotto's Sixth Centennial . . . and ROME, for the International Horse Show, the Polo matches, and for the exciting preparations now under way for the celebrations of the AUGUSTUS BI-MILLENNIAL.

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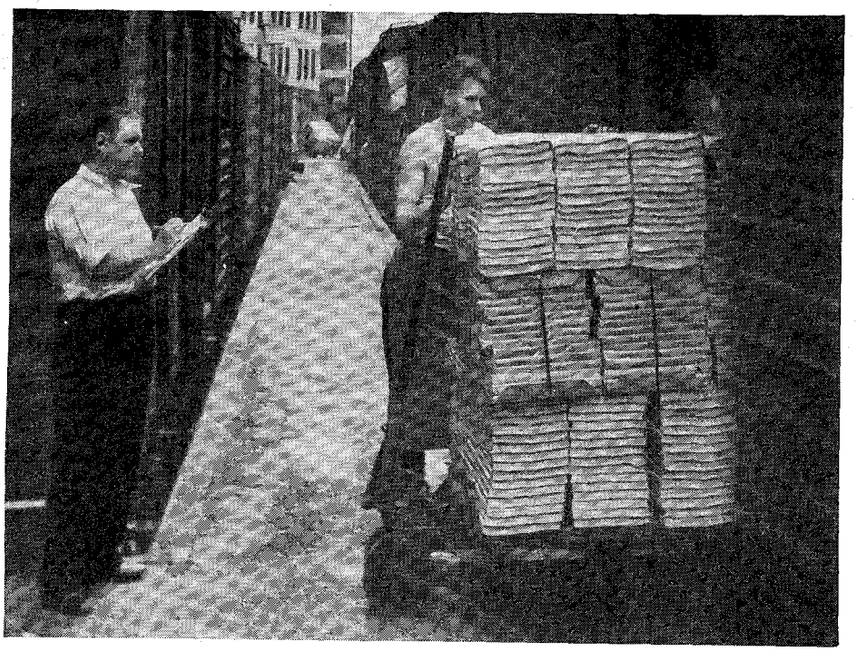
Montgomery Ward Gets Jump on Spring to Boost Profits



From this station Montgomery Ward catalogs go into six million homes

From bulging post-office delivery platforms in Texas, the electric news spread fan-wise last week into the State's main streets: the catalogs are here! The spring and summer books had come earlier than usual because a Montgomery Ward executive had a bright idea: "Let the catalogs follow the sun."

Which meant that rural families in the Southland, where spring comes early, would be the first to poke their noses into the 565 exciting pages which lured them with wedding-rings, anticow-kickers, fierce mustaches (free with every cowboy suit), anemia tonics, courses in music, layettes (if twins, an extra layette free), the works of Mary Pickford and Zane Grey, and 135,000 other items.

One in Four—By the middle of February, 6,000,000 homes—one of every four in Racine, Wisconsin; in Kinston, North Carolina; in Grant, Arkansas; in Deposit, New York—would receive their semiannual visit from Ward's mute but effective salesman. The amount of chinaware, stoves, tombstones, dog bones, cattle dehorners which this salesman sells annually is guarded by Ward's. But it is no secret that the salesman annually generates orders which result in the shipping of 54,000,000 bundles. The catalog's sales, lumped with those of Ward's 545 stores, totaled $350,000,000 for the first eleven months of last year. This, incidentally, was almost 25 per cent. better than sales for the first eleven months of 1935.

Sales Area—For the rich farmlands of the Midwest, which supply Montgomery Ward with its most fertile sales area, Ward's compiles its biggest catalog, 796 pages. This book, known as the Chicago catalog, is eighty pages fatter this year than it was last year, will be mailed to 500,000 more families than it was last spring.

Few housewives admiring the latest fashions on the slim models (Ward's gets numerous requests for models' telephone numbers, often gets requests as well to find wives for lonely bachelors) realize that Montgomery Ward gives them 75 cents worth of literature free.

Still less does the housewife know that for every 10 cents spent on its catalog, Montgomery Ward make $1 in sales. And the dimes which Ward's pours into its catalogs add up to no small sum. On postage alone for its summer and winter catalogs, Ward's this year will spend $2,000,000. On the summer and midwinter flyers, the bargain books, the Christmas books, and seventy-six miscellaneous types of catalogs which Ward's sends to its good customers, the company spends another $5,000,000 in postage.

And on advertising of all sorts—catalogs, newspapers and radio—Ward's annually spends $15,000,000.

A sizable portion of this sum pays for the hire of 700 executives, artists, advertising consultants and copy-writers who work at fever pitch for six months to get the catalog rolling out in time from nine mail-order houses at Chicago, Albany, Baltimore, Kansas City, Fort Worth, Denver, Oakland; Portland, Oregon, and St. Paul.

Materials—As impressive as the amount of money spent on the catalog and on advertising are the figures which measure the materials that go into the catalog.

If a housewife ripped all the pages from her catalog and arranged them neatly side by side, and if every other housewife who received a catalog did the same, the area so covered would approximate a fair-sized city, say, Savannah, Georgia (eight square miles). If these pages were picked up again and weighed, they would total 23,038,000 pounds.

These colossal figures add up to a colossal number of catalogs, which in turn yield colossal results. Daily to Ward's come 130,000 orders. From 1927 to 1929, each order averaged about $7.50. In 1932, it dropped to about $3.50. In recent years, the average order has come back for about $5.

And when Ward's gets an order, it makes split-second speed to deliver.

Orders—Suppose you fill out a blank in the back of Ward's new catalog, enclose a $1.98 money order for a four-in-one blouse. If you live in the Midwest, your order will find its way into a Montgomery Ward mail-sack in Chicago, will then be dumped at Ward's mail-order house in that city. Ward's begins your order's journey by first weighing the mail-sack which contains it. In this way Ward's swiftly determines the day's volume of business. For each pound of mail, Ward's knows it will average $220 of orders.

Mail-sacks are emptied, your envelop opened by slicing-machines. One of sixty-five girls, who empties three pieces of mail a minute, will then extract the money from your envelop and have your order recorded. In the stock-room, your blouse is picked up, sent through the billing and packing departments, wrapped and packed (annual cost of wrapping paper, $250,000; annual amount of twine, 850,000 pounds). In four hours, the blouse is on its way.

To stock the nine mail-order houses and four warehouses that supply store and mail customers, Montgomery Ward annually makes purchases from 15,000 factories in every State in the Union. Its greatest purchases are in clothing and in radios (Ward's is the world's largest retailer of radios, sells about 10 per cent. of all sets distributed in the United States). Ward's in addition is a big-time manufacturer in its own right.

Profits—Business is good with Ward's. In fact, it is record-breaking. Profits for the first six months of last year topped $7,000,000, against the $4,300,000 of the first six months of 1935.

And business promises to be better. Ward's customers have more money to spend, and to induce them to spend it, Ward's has lowered the minimum amount on which credit can be extended to $10. Last year it was $20.

Things haven't always been as rosy with Montgomery Ward.

In 1931, for instance, Ward's went into the red for $8,700,000. In 1932, the company lost $5,700,000. But in 1933, the company again made profits, more than $2,000,000.

What had happened was that Sewell Lee Avery, then fifty-seven-year-old President of United States Gypsum Co., came to Ward's in 1931, put his finger precisely on the trouble-spot, shook up the organization from top to bottom, and set it to making profits again.

Big Job—Avery's job with Ward's admittedly was Herculean. When Julius Rosenwald, then Board Chairman of Sears, Roebuck & Co., heard that Avery was considering going with Ward's, he said: "Sewell is too smart to get mixed up in anything like that." The tall, distinguished looking President of U. S. Gypsum chose, however, to get mixed up with Ward's. He became head of Ward's, kept the Presidency of U. S. Gypsum, which he had held for twenty-six years, rolled up his sleeves and went to work.

Montgomery Ward had been mailing out catalogs to farmers since 1872. More recently, it had gone into the department store business and was already operating

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a chain of 610. Avery was no merchant. He was a manufacturer who dealt with builders and architects, not with people who wanted to buy garters and ukuleles and paints and tombstones.

But Avery nevertheless diagnosed Montgomery Ward's ailment with as much skill as if he had been in the storekeeping business all his life. Ward's, he found, had expanded its stores too rapidly. Not only that, but it had failed to staff them with men who were veterans at store merchandising. The men running Montgomery Ward's stores, he found, were catalog men, not store men.

Hunt—Ward's new President hastened to New York, took quarters at the Biltmore Hotel, there began a hunt for executives. He called in Thorndike Deland, whose job was to keep a file of 208,000 key department store men and women.

In the end he got Ward's a new operating head, a new catalog man, a new merchandising man.

For his success at Montgomery Ward and at U. S. Gypsum, Avery is known as Chicago's No. 1 business man. As Chairman of the Board of U. S. Gypsum and as Chairman and President of Ward's, Avery keeps a direct wire between two offices in these companies busy.

Like Henry Ford, whom he resembles, Avery is a bitter critic of the New Deal. Some of Ward's best business originated in distressed areas into which the Government has poured millions in relief. Nevertheless, Avery joined the Liberty League to fight Roosevelt tooth and nail.

DIRECTORS: Railroad Official Leads List With Voice in 109 Corporations

If John Taney Willcox attended all the annual meetings of companies in which he is a Director, he would seat himself before a different directors' table almost every other day. If Mr. Willcox collected the traditional $20 fee each time he filled a plush chair, he would realize a neat $2,180 yearly side income. For Mr. Willcox, who is fifty, and peers at fellow employees of the Pennsylvania Railroad through shell-rimmed glasses, is America's No. 1 holder of Directorships.

Last week, Poor's Publishing Co. issued its 1937 Register of Directors. After Mr. Willcox's name were listed Directorships in 109 corporations.

Mr. Willcox earns his living as secretary and transfer agent of the $2,000,000,000 Pennsylvania Railroad, is a descendant of a family which made its fortune by manufacturing paper for government currency. Director Willcox began his career as law clerk for former U. S. Senator George Wharton Pepper of Pennsylvania; now, in his spare time, interests himself in corrective schools for children, plays mediocre golf.

If Mr. Willcox became America's busiest Director, as well as its No. 1 Director, he would sit in on discussions concerning the warehouse business, sewage disposal, real estate, coal, train, ferry and boat transportation, and banking problems, mostly in subsidiary companies of the "Pennsy." But America's No. 1 Director seldom attends a directors' meeting. A competent secretary and staff save him the trouble.

No. 2 Director is Frederick Ely Williamson, President of the New York Central Railroad Company and President and Director as well of fifty-five other corporations, Vice-President and Director of eight, and a Director of thirty others, a grand total of ninety-four. Most of these companies are N. Y. C. subsidiaries.

No. 3 Director is Leo Spitz, whose ninety-one Directorships are mostly in subsidiary theater corporations of Radio-Keith-Orpheum Corporation, of which Mr. Spitz is President.

Relegated to a relative back seat is last year's No. 1 Director, Henry L. Doherty, President of Cities Service Company. Last year, busy Mr. Doherty held ninety-five Directorships; he now holds sixty-five.

Adorning the list of 85,000 Directors of 15,000 corporations are such dignitaries as James Rowland Angell, President of Yale University (Director in the New York Life Insurance Company and three educational foundations); Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University (Director in New York Life and seven educational foundations and institutions). Former President Herbert Hoover and former Presidential candidate Alfred E. Smith also embellish the impressive New York Life Board of Directors.

Big Names—Such redoubtable names as du Pont, Mellon, Rockefeller, Morgan have relatively few Directorships listed after them. Tho they have the largest family representation, the ten du Ponts muster only thirty seats in all. Brothers Pierre S., Lammot and Irénée, sit on the General Motors Board of Directors along with their first cousin Henry F. du Pont.

The Rockefellers, John D., Jr., and sons John D., 3d, and Nelson, share nineteen Directors' seats, most of them in philanthropic enterprises.

J. Pierpont Morgan, head of the House of Morgan, is a Director in the Aetna Insurance Company, the Metropolitan Opera and Real Estate Company, the Pullman Company, the United States Steel Corporation and seven other corporations.

Mellon—Conspicuous by its absence is the name of Andrew Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury under Presidents Hoover and Coolidge. His nephew, Richard King Mellon, carries the family name into the meeting-rooms of nineteen Boards of Directors, including the Pennsylvania Railroad, the Aluminum Corporation of America, Pan American Airways, and the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company.

Subscribers for the Register of Directors cannot buy the huge volume. The seventy-seven-year-old Poor's Publishing Company only leases the service for $60 a year, sets up stringent rules which must be followed on penalty of forfeiture of the service (one of them—the volume must not be lent). From its huge files Poor's draws up mailing-lists to individuals and corporations, sends out 300,000 questionnaires yearly. If the questionnaire is not answered, Poor's omits the person or institution questioned, regardless of his or its importance.

This year's edition is the tenth, shows 25,000 changes from the 1936 volume, weighs eleven pounds.

BUSINESS BRIEFS

Eggs—Hens lay more eggs in summer than in winter. Mild weather recently fooled them into believing summer is still here, caused them to continue laying eggs at the heavy summer pace. Altho large supplies of eggs, like large supplies of anything else, bring lower prices, chain stores,

In ARIZONA

ABROAD At Home

Come to Douglas on the International Boundary for a visit to foreign lands! Just across the street is Old Mexico—musical, soft-spoken Spanish.. strumming guitars..crooked, old-world streets ..sombrero'd peons leading quaint little burros.. ageless missions standing stark and beautiful against the horizon. The city of Douglas, in striking contrast, presents metropolitan shops, fine schools, modern living accommodations, and facilities for all kinds of outdoor sports including a splendid new all-grass golf course. But, again, just outside of Douglas one finds dude and cattle ranches in the West of yesterday..home of the lariat-throwing cowboy..the land of the Last Frontier. Come to warm, dry, sunny Douglas for play, relaxation, romance and exciting adventure!

Come via Rock Island—Southern Pacific, American Airways or Broadway of America (Highway 80).

Douglas Climate Club

20 D BORDER STREET, DOUGLAS, ARIZONA

Please send me complete information and attractive booklet!

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particularly in New York City, attempted to maintain regular high winter prices (with 19 cents a dozen profit).

Housewives curbed purchases, hunted for egg substitutes, further aggravating the farmers' problem of high production and low consumption. Driven to desperation by unusually high feed costs this year, farmers slaughtered poultry, alarmed Secretary of Agriculture Wallace.

His Agricultural Adjustment Administration stepped in, sought to buy up surplus eggs in order to raise prices and enable farmers to keep their broods alive. But as the AAA bought, wholesale dealers sold faster. Net result: still lower prices

Last week, the AAA manfully continued to buy eggs, but was waging a losing fight against sinking prices. Meanwhile, consumers won a victory. By buying from small dealers who undersold chain outlets, they forced chain stores to drop their egg prices.

* * *

25,000,000—Last week, Henry Ford straightened himself up to his full, slim height, watched his 25,000,000th Ford come off the assembly line in his River Rouge, Michigan, plant. By producing 25,000,000 cars in thirty-three and one-half years, *Uncle Sam's* No. 1 automobile maker had turned out more Fords than there are vehicles now registered in the United States.

Counting millions of Fords has ceased to provide landmarks in the crowded Ford career. Ford, however, must have thought of other landmarks as he and son Edsel stepped into No. 25,000,000. Those landmarks were Models T and A, which made their bows in 1908 and 1927 respectively.

Observers last week looked for still another Ford model. It is a mystery "tear drop" car, for which Ford obtained a patent five weeks ago. The car calls for the same V8 engine now used in Fords, placed sidewise so that the radiator is above the rear right wheel. Motor, clutch, transmission and axle gears are built as a unit, mounted in rubber. Such a car, automotive engineers speculated, would be streamlined to the most modern degree with bulbous nose and flattened tail.

Facsimile

WIRE "FAX": Literary Digest First to Use New Western Union Transmission System

An editor in New York gives a last-minute check to a closely typewritten sheet. "O. K."

A few minutes later, a girl wraps the sheet of white copy around a steel cylinder. As the cylinder begins turning, an electric eye scans the sheet, turns the typed words into electrical impulses.

Simultaneously in Chicago, another cylinder revolves in perfect synchronization, with a stylus held against it. The electric current turns back into printed words what the electric eye has seen. Seven hundred words have traveled nearly a thousand miles in seven minutes!

At the Cuneo Press in Chicago, a composing-room foreman checks over the sheet of copy and hands it to a linotype operator. THE LITERARY DIGEST, written in New York City, is being printed in Chicago.

Courtesy Western Union Telegraph Co

A girl puts copy in one of a battery of facsimile transmitters at New York, and . . .

Speed—Western Union facsimile transmission is now speeding up the making of America's first news magazine. What this actually means to DIGEST readers is twenty-four hours more up-to-the-minute news coverage. Correspondents at home and abroad are able to move the clock back one whole day, plan their cables and long-distance calls for the later dead-line.

Editors, too, are able to use their increased "elbow-room" to good advantage, frequently planning stories which could not, under the old system, have been rounded up in time.

And the reader also benefits in another way, for now California and Washington can get the latest copies at the same hour they appear on the news-stands in the Midwest and along the Atlantic Seaboard

Faster than all other copy transmission systems, the new facsimile method costs less money and means that layouts, head-line instructions, even proofs, can be sent back and forth between the editorial offices and the printing-plant in a few minutes' time.

This means that corrections can be made with the same speed and accuracy that would be possible if THE DIGEST were still printed in New York, with only a few blocks separating the Editorial Offices and the printing-plant.

Even the entire layout of stories can be changed to compensate for new developments.

Western Union engineers G. W. Janson and R. J. Wise developed the "fax" transmitters and receivers from principles laid down by Blakewell and d'Alincourt in the middle of the last century. But instead of insulating ink on tinfoil to start the electrical circuit, as in the old method, the Western Union men pressed into service the magic photoelectric eye, which can look at the black and white original, wink and turn an electric current on and off.

Paper—Just as chemically sensitized film changes under light and makes photography possible, so the development of a special coated paper, electrically sensitized, makes the recording of fax messages simple. No processing or developing is necessary; the stylus, with current flashing on and off, writes in fine lines spiraled close together, 180 turns to a minute. The receiving cylinders turn simultaneously with the sending ones.

Back in New York, sheets of copy are easily rolled onto the sending-cylinders, ready to drop automatically into place.

The first such telegraphic transmission device was put in operation between Buffalo and New York in November, 1935; a second experimental line to Chicago was extended to commercial use, with THE LITERARY DIGEST purchasing the first service.

Applications—Telegraph facsimiles are much like the radio and telephone-wire transmission used for newspictures. The Associated Press Wirephoto, Photophone, Radiophoto and other systems, as well as television, utilize the same scanning principle, with the photoelectric cell turning light into electricity and the receiver turning it back into light again.

Radioed weather-maps to ships at sea have been introduced, and the Radio Corporation of America has been utilizing a wireless facsimile system between New York and Philadelphia. The future of facsimile transmission, easier to predict from an engineering standpoint than from a user-demand angle, is not expected to mushroom over the United States within a few months. Altho ordinary telegrams are frequently sent by fax, Western Union officials foresee no technological unemployment. Its 40,000 employees, many of whom operate high-speed automatic telegraph-machines, are not alarmed at present.

One possibility in radioed facsimiles had been envisioned by newspaper publishers and broadcasting companies: Home receiving sets may print fax newspapers, a small page at a time, while the news subscriber sleeps. The cost would not be high if the demand were great enough.

Since it was first in the field to take advantage of this new and vastly improved method of transmitting thousands of words a day, naturally THE LITERARY DIGEST is alone among publications to use it. Like many another DIGEST feature, it is exclusive.

Courtesy Western Union Telegraph Co

. . . later, from Chicago a Literary Digest page proof comes back, ready for corrections

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Mail

(Continued from page 3)

Schweitzer's reference to our own War Between the States, was aiding the Rebels. France in the American Revolution aided the Rebels here and would have been subject to indemnity demands from England had Washington's troops lost out.

After the Russian Revolution of 1917, the Allies sent troops into Russia to aid the cause of the Whites. The Soviet Government, which had seized property of the Allies, used this invasion to counterbalance Allied claims.

As these few examples show, the question is not as simple as Mr. Schweitzer makes it out to be.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin. JOHN O. KYKYRI.

The Alabama

Sir:—The letter of Mr. C. A. Schweitzer, appearing in THE LITERARY DIGEST of January 16, contains references to the Confederate ship, *Alabama,* being "sent over by England to do damage to the Yankees." He refers also to the claims filed for "damages resultant from unwarranted and impudent piracy" of the ship. This language recalls some of the statements made by United States officials during the cruise of the *Alabama* and is just as illogical and unjust.

The ship was contracted for by the Confederate States Government through its agent, Captain Bullock, and was known at the shipyard as No. 290, until she put to sea unarmed. It was not until she reached the Azores that she was armed and started on her famous career.

As the Confederate States had been granted belligerent rights and recognized as a *de facto* Government, they had the same rights to build ships and obtain supplies in England as did the United States. Therefore she was not a "pirate," and she conducted her warfare on a "high plane," strictly in accordance with the laws of nations then existing.

Washington, D. C. H. E. PICKEN.

China

Sir:—In your recent articles on the Far Eastern situation, you picture China as a country of poverty-stricken masses and rapacious war-lords. Altho both of these factors still remain, they are fading into the background before the growth of a new national consciousness and an increasing group of able and patriotic leaders. This new growth has been from the ground up and represents the efforts of a generation which has been willing to sacrifice itself and to struggle against immeasurable difficulties to make a modern China.

This idea is beginning to percolate into the minds of the more alert Japanese politicians, and there is hope that responsible leaders in both countries may be able to go forward into a real era of cooperation in this part of the world, based on mutual self-respect.

Cheeloo University, China. A. L. CARSON.

Jewish Dietary Law

Sir:—In THE LITERARY DIGEST for January 2, in the article entitled "Dietary Laws of 'The Royal Table,'" there is mention made of a survey conducted to determine the extent to which the Jewish dietary laws are observed in present-day America. Certain statistics are given.

As the author of the little book which, according to your report, stimulated the inquiry, may I ask you for the source of your information?

Detroit, Michigan. [RABBI] JACOB COHN.

The figures were obtained from experts at the Jewish Theological Seminary in New York and from other private rabbinical authorities, both orthodox and reformed.—*Editor.*

PERFECT GENTLEMEN
—Shoemaker in Chicago Daily News

Toy Weapons

Sir:—We mothers and fathers are contributive to the crime world and the tragic business of war each time we place toy firearms, swords, sling-shots, whips and other playthings of this class in the hands of our young and impressionable offspring.

Each time make-believe implements of destruction are included in this child's play world, an agent for violence is in the making. Instead of dealing out the means of producing toy murder and cruelty, we should try to instil preventive ideas against such tendencies and lower instincts.

Our duty to civilization and to the individual with whose early training we are entrusted, is not to nurture destruction and hate, but to help build a peaceful, constructive world.

GRACE MATHIS.

South Pasadena, California.

Mail

Sir:—I have grown fond of "Mail"; it is the first department I read. However, I have two criticisms:

1. That infinitesimal type is a severe strain on my octogenarian optic nerves.
2. I object to the plan of dissection which places the head on the first page and the torso on next to the last page.

"Mail," in my opinion, is entitled to more legible type and to the pleasures of a healthier unity.

Alamogordo, New Mexico. W. M. TODD.

Sir:—What I like best in your publication (and assume that you approve likewise, since you give it the first and last positions) is your lively cross-section of correspondence.

Also, I like the way you square it off with personal comments of the editor, without which this reader would miss the apparent personal touch of the anonymous editors of THE LITERARY DIGEST.

Chatham, Ontario. VAILEY V. SMITH.

Social Security

Sir:—The full import of the Social Security Act, characterized by economists as the most sweeping measure ever enacted, is not sufficiently appreciated, it seems to me, by the public. At least, partizan criticism tends to confuse, rather than clarify, the issue.

Let's take it from this angle: Government employees have long been recipients of benefits such as the Social Security Act now applies to wage-earners in private industry. States and municipalities often provide similar protection for their employees. Under compensation laws now in effect in all but two States, employers provide insurance for the worker against accident.

Yet unemployment, the depression has taught us, is a greater hazard than accident ever was. Furthermore, shifting conditions in industry due to technological change, are beyond the control of any individual. Under the Social Security Act, the average working man has a kind of insurance he sorely needs—and which could be provided by no insurance company, however large.

Arlington, Virginia. R. C. O'BRIEN.

Sir:—In your issue of December 5, an article on the Supreme Court was entitled thus: "Job Insurance: Supreme Court, Four to Four After Election, Upholds New York Law."

After election! This dangerous misconception of the functions of the Supreme Court, indicating that its decisions are affected by the results of an election, is being loudly proclaimed in publications and by persons hostile to our form of orderly constitutional liberty. An examination of our courts would disclose the falsity of this conception. One of the main functions of the Supreme Court, indeed of all courts, is to protect the constitutional rights of the minority and of the private individual against the passions and prejudices of the majority.

Now, as elections are controlled by the majority, how can the courts protect the rights of the minority if they are to be governed by the election returns?

In the same article we find repetition of this fallacy: "Perhaps a change of heart has entered the august group, a new liberal tendency."

I wonder what these radical editors mean by a "liberal tendency." It is a vicious fiction to say that our courts are divided into so-called conservatives and liberals. The shallowness of this conception becomes apparent when we point to the fact that the same judges vote differently on the constitutionality of different laws, that some of the statutes, such as the NRA, were declared unconstitutional unanimously.

Elmira, New York. RICHARD MARLOWE.

Even if Mr. Marlowe is correct in his conception of the true functions of the Supreme Court (and there are thousands of qualified citizens who would dispute his view), there is nothing in the Constitution or the law forbidding Supreme Court Justices to mature, or to adjust their mental processes to a rapidly changing world.

Actually, there are two schools of thought regarding the Supreme Court and its proper functions. One holds that, since in a democracy the people *are* the Government, the functions of the courts and all other branches of Government are whatever the people wish to construe them as being. The other holds that the Constitution and the courts, and all their acts down to the present, are literally and inelastically the Law of the Land. If the latter theory were carried to its logical conclusion, the Dred Scott decision would still be a formidable pillar of American Government.—*Editor.*

Did You Know—

That Rockwell Kent discovered the first and only Eskimo painter just recently? (See page 26.)

That as long ago as 1908, a sailboat traveled 140 miles an hour without benefit of auxiliary motor? (See page 32.)

That Dwight L. Moody, the famous American evangelist, traveled more than a million miles, preached to more than 100,000,000 persons? (See page 34.)

That 47 per cent. of Americans in the lowest income group receive no medical or dental service whatever? (See page 17.)

That your Nuisance Quotient may have more to do with your getting on in the world than your Intelligence Quotient? (See page 22.)

That a Tibetan *Lama* read in Nicholas II's youthful palm the tragedy that was to overtake the last Czar and his family a generation later? (See page 27.)

That Congress appropriated $7,000 to provide rooms in the Press Galleries where women newspaper correspondents can powder their noses? (See page 29.)

That the Duke of Kent, Gertrude Lawrence, Fred Astaire and all three acting Marx Brothers have something in common? (See page 29.)

"HE SAYS THEY ARE PLAYING BEETHOVEN'S NINTH SYMPHONY. TOO BAD WE HAVE MISSED THE OTHER EIGHT"
—Sori in N. Y. Daily Worker

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WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Authier—Washington, D. C., correspondent—*aw-thee'er, th* as in *think.*

Bourjaily—editor, *Mid-Week Pictorial* (page 20)—rimes with *your daily: boor-jay'ly.*

Coblentz—editor, *New York American—cob* rimes with *sob: cob'lentz.*

Codel — Publisher, *Broadcasting Magazine*—not *coddle,* but *co-dell'.*

Kaempffert—science editor, *New York Times—pf* as in *campfire;* or, *kempf'furt.*

Kiosseivanoff—Premier of Bulgaria—sounds much like *kyu-say'vun-uff,* each *u* as in *up.*

Scism—editor, *Evansville Courier*—just *siz'zem.*

Winterich—editor, *American Legion Monthly*—can't help it; it's *win'ter-itch.*

Wooton—Washington, D. C., correspondent—just *woo'ton.*

Off-Side

Independents — While the country watched developments in the great labor dispute, 650 employees of the Walker Manufacturing Co. (auto parts) conducted their own private sit-down strike at Racine, Wisconsin. With no reasons given and no demands made, they sat for four days, then calmly returned to work, leaving labor leaders as baffled as company officials.

* * *

Hot Stuff—As a sure cure for his rheumatism, Frank Fischer, of San Jose, California, concocted a fiery brew of horseradish and wine. The judge found it good for rheumatism, but not for driving and handed him a two-year probationary sentence.

* * *

Solved—Day after day, a student at Miami, Ohio, University found herself drifting into a stupor in a certain class. Her grades improved when it was found that the arrangement of lights in the room, reflecting from the professor's glasses, was hypnotizing her.

* * *

Threat—Flung forward in his seat as the crack Tsabame Express slammed to an emergency stop, Field Marshal Prince Kanin bethought himself of Chinese Dictator Chiang's kidnaping. His armed bodyguard found a tiny Japanese youngster on the tracks, thumbing its nose at the amazed train crew.

* * *

Retribution—Taking a shot at a rabbit, R. N. Jobe, a district WPA engineer in Canyon City, Colorado, felt his foot slip. Clutching wildly as he fell, he fired the gun again, the recoil smashing the butt into his face with such force as to discharge the gun once more and send the butt into his face a second time and Jobe to the hospital with severe lacerations and a fractured nose. The rabbit was reported as quite well, though slightly hysterical.

The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Suspicious—HOBO: "Boss, will you give me a dime for a sandwich?"

MARINE: "Let's see the sandwich."—*U. S. S. West Virginia Mountaineer.*

Check-Up—A naturalist reports that he saw two swallows near Epping during the Christmas holidays. The next step is to find out if Africa is two short.—*Punch (London).*

Impossible—JUDGE: "What possible excuse could you have for acquitting the prisoner?"

FOREMAN: "Insanity, sir."

JUDGE: "What, all twelve of you?"—*Omaha World-Herald.*

So There!—"Little boy, why aren't you in school?"

"Hell, lady, I ain't but three years old!"—*The Bee-Hive (East Hartford, Conn.).*

Artist—"What beautiful scallops you have made on the pies, Mandy! How do you do it?"

"Ah's glad you like dem, Mam. Ah just used mah false teeth to make de impresses."—*The Abbey Chronicle (St. Benedict, La.).*

No Hurry—TAXIMAN: "I'll have a job findin' the other sixpence change for yer."

CALEDONIAN: "Ah, weel, the nicht's young."—*Punch (London).*

Cure—VOICE OVER PHONE: "I can't sleep, Doctor. Can you do anything for me?"

DOCTOR: "Hold the phone and I'll sing you a lullaby."—*Sheboygan (Wis.) Press.*

Error—Pat wanted to borrow some money from Michael, who happened to have a small boy with him at the moment. "'Tis a fine kid you have there, Mike," said Pat. "A magnificent head and noble features. Could you loan me ten?"

"I could not," replied Mike. "'Tis me wife's child by her first husband."—*Montreal Star.*

Witness—The men were swapping stories.

"When I was logging up in Oregon," said one of them, "I saw a wildcat come right up to the skidder one day. It was a fierce beast, but with great presence of mind, I threw a bucket of water in its face and it slunk away."

"Boys," said a man sitting in the corner, "I can vouch for the truth of that story. A few minutes after that happened, I was coming down the side of the hill. I met this wildcat and, as is my habit, stopped to stroke its whiskers. Boys, those whiskers were wet!"—*Wall Street Journal.*

Truth—TEACHER (brightly): "As we walk out-of-doors on a cold winter's morning and look about us, what do we see on every hand?"

CLASS (as a man): "Gloves!"—*Humorist (London).*

The Deft Touch—"I understand you are looking for a new maid."

"Yes, our last one handled china like Japan."—*Florida Times-Union.*

Simpler—There was an earthquake recently which frightened inhabitants of a certain town. One couple sent their little boy to stay with an uncle in another district, explaining the reason for the nephew's sudden visit.

A day or two later the parents received this telegram:

"Am returning your boy. Send the earthquake."—*The Lookout (Cincinnati, Ohio).*

Service—The motorist had just bought a tankful of gasoline, and the station attendant was going through his little ritual:

ATTENDANT: "Check your oil, sir?"

MOTORIST: "No, it's O. K."

ATTENDANT: "Got enough water in your radiator?"

MOTORIST: "Yes, filled up."

ATTENDANT: "Anything else, sir?"

MOTORIST: "Yes, would you please stick your tongue out so I can seal this letter?"—*Sheboygan (Wis.) Press.*

Injustice—Two gangsters were escorting a member of a rival gang across a field on a dark and rainy night.

"What rats you are," grumbled the doomed one, "making me walk through a rain like this."

"How about us?" growled one of the escorts. "We've got to walk back."—*Wall Street Journal.*

Slips That Pass in Type

HALF BLOODHOUND
IS TOTALLY MISSING
—*Denver (Colo.) paper.*

Half-gone with the wind.

Although there are no horses in the U. S. Naval Academy, Capt. R. C. G——, athletic officer, has one hanging over his door for good luck.—*Chattanooga (Tenn.) paper.*

A pretty conceit!

A freight engine darted off ice-clogged rails at Glenwood, Missouri. The brakeman was kissed.—*Boston paper.*

Was it worth it?

Leopold Stokowski, conducting his full sympathy orchestra from Hollywood, will bring a novel and interesting program.—*Birmingham (Ala.) paper.*

They'll play the Pathetic Symphony.

When finished cooking, top with a meringue made by combining 2 beaten egg whites with ¼ c. sugar an 1 tbsp. candied finger (finely chopped).—*Chicago paper.*

No digital delicacies for us, thanks.

The new year was ushered in by Pomonans with sounding of whistles and automobile horns, and with general nosemaking at dances. *Pomona (Calif.) paper.*

Something new in nasal festivity.

LIVESTOCK SANITY BOARD
MEETS TUESDAY
—*Gainesville (Fla.) paper.*

Perhaps to test loco-weed.

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